

Next Week! Corinne Cushman's New Story, "Madcap, the Little Quakeress."

# NEW YORK SATURDAY MORNING ADAM'S HOME WEEKLY

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1878, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. VIII.

E. F. Beadle,  
J. W. Adams,  
David Adams,  
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 26, 1878.

TERMS IN ADVANCE. (One copy, four months, \$1.00  
One copy, one year, 2.00  
Two copies, one year, 3.00)

No. 411

## LOST WINGS AND LINGERING HEART.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

The year is in the leaves,  
And the leaves are underfoot;  
And as I linger, unto dead things a'ing,  
High overhead I hear your happy swarms  
Go by, oh, darling birds, singing and winging  
To where the soft South-summer welcomes and  
warms.

Season of song and flower  
For frost-fake and snowfall.  
The bare nest on the bough in broken weather,  
Sweet eve grown ruinous, and strange the dawn,  
And some day on sad mold some fallen feather  
Will break my heart, birds, after you are gone.

## Silver Star, THE BOY KNIGHT;

OR,

The Mystery of Osman, the Outlaw.

A PRAIRIE ROMANCE.

BY OLL COOMES.

CHAPTER V.

ARKANSAW AND THE BOY KNIGHT MAKE A RE-  
CONNOISSANCE.

"Boy," replied Old Arkansaw, "what do you  
mean by saying Elwe is lost? Who or what is  
Elwe?"

In as few words as possible the Boy Knight  
narrated the adventure of the balloon, his  
rescue of Elwe, and her flight upon his horse.

Old Arkansaw was astonished by the lad's  
story, and when he had concluded his narration,  
the hunter said:

"Then the poor young thing never got  
through. The horse came all right, but no girl.  
I should think if the red-skins got her, they'd  
taken the horse too; so it's my solemn opinion  
that she's been killed."

"Oh, merciful heavens!" cried the boy, "I  
hope such is not the case. I cannot bear to  
think Elwe is dead. She was the prettiest girl,  
Arkansaw, that you ever laid your eyes on.  
And, then, she was as gentle as an angel; why, if  
it hadn't been for them wicked men in the  
bloom, I'd 'a' believed she was sent from heaven  
direct."

"Love! love!" muttered the old borderman. I  
never knewed a boy to rescue a gal from danger  
in my life but he fell in love with her, heels over  
head. And then they're alone angels—beauti-  
ful, and all this sort of things, even if they're  
ugly as mud fences. Like as not your Elwe'd  
look like a bird without plumage to me. You  
see, old eyes and young eyes don't see alike. I  
used to see an angel in every gal's face, but  
how're you angels now? After I got jilted  
forty-seven times, the female sex became very  
plain—really human. But it's mighty queer  
'bout that balloon business—some mystery.  
Why didn't you ax your angel 'bout it, Silver  
Star?"

"I did ask her, and she had just begun telling  
me when we discovered the Indians coming  
down upon us. But, Arkansaw, I must know  
what became of that girl—I will never quit  
these woods until I know whether she is dead or  
alive."

"Now, see here, boy; you've got a name all  
over Dakota and creation for bein' one of the  
best, slickest and most successful rangers, and  
so don't, for pity sake, let this girl-hunt spile  
all."

"Do you advise me, Arkansaw, to let her go—  
to not look after her, to leave her, if livin', at  
the mercy of bloodthirsty savages?"

"Oh, no, Silver Star; be a man—die for love-  
ly woman, if necessary—and you want to; but  
don't go too hasty. Keep cool and calculate  
carefully, and then see how she'll figger up.  
Now, Captain Barnes and nine of the soldiers are  
camped up here waiting for me to return with  
some game for breakfast, and if you'll wait till  
I block out a chunk of that dead deer, we'll go  
up to camp."

"Did you fire at that deer, Arkansaw?" the  
boy questioned.

"I did, for a fact."

"And so did I, though I did not hear your  
gun. There are two bullet-holes in the animal's  
side. We must have fired simultaneously."

"Yes, for I didn't hear your gun till you be-  
gun to rattle off clips to them red-skins.  
Heavens! how you managed that battle, for a  
boy. You're a good one, I'll vow. I'm awful  
glad to meet you, Silver Star; here, give us a  
shake—like to forget that; but say, just don't  
say anything to the boys 'bout the way I got  
that White Crane fixed up to abolish him. They  
might consider it a thundered good joke on—  
one—well, the kind we war huggin' up so  
skrimphus. Just keep o' leave it all to me; I'll  
fix up this battered mug o' mine, to the boys,  
satisfactorily."

The scouts secured a portion of the deer, and  
the weapon of the fallen red-skins and at  
once set out for camp, where they soon ar-  
rived.

Silver Star was received in camp with shouts  
of joy; but great was their surprise when the  
man saw the face of Old Arkansaw, bruised  
and bleeding; and they at once plied him with  
questions regarding his injuries.

This the old man had expected, and as he  
promised Silver Star, he fixed the matter up by a  
slight exaggeration of facts in a manner that  
reflected credit upon himself.

While the old frontiersman and one of the  
soldiers were preparing the venison for break-  
fast, Silver Star told Captain Barnes of all that  
had transpired since he left the fort. The captain  
was astounded at the story of the balloon and  
the disappearance of the maiden, and many and  
various were the conjectures concerning the  
aeronaut and their strange conduct. With  
what little that Silver Star had gathered of  
their conversation, Captain Barnes felt satisfied  
that the girl, Elwe, was the victim of some con-  
spiracy, foul and malicious.



"I'm goin' to ride over on this log, Arkansaw, or die in the attempt," replied the boy; "steady, Prince, steady."

"But the maiden must be found, be she dead  
or alive," the soldier said. "One of the pickets  
said your horse came in from the direction of  
Deep Ford; and as this crossing is in the vicin-  
ity of the Indian village, she might have fallen  
into savage power."

"If so, then there may be some hope of find-  
ing her," declared the young scout; "but at any  
rate, I'm going to hunt for her until I know her  
fate."

"And you can count on my assistance," said  
the officer.

Breakfast being prepared and eaten, the party  
mounted their animals, and took their departure  
east, along the river.

As they had brought Silver Star's horse along  
with them, the youth once more found himself  
at home in the saddle, and that, too, with his  
shield-star blazing brightly upon his breast in  
the morning light.

The sun went down, and until noon when they  
halted for dinner and to await the coming of night.  
They were not far from the Indian village now,  
and what was to be done must be done under  
cover of night.

With restless impatience Silver Star watched  
the sun go down, and when the shadows of  
night again settled over all, the youth, in com-  
pany with Old Arkansaw, mounted his horse  
and rode off up the river to make a reconnais-  
sance of the Indian village. An hour's ride  
brought them within sight of a hundred twink-  
ling lights on the opposite side of the river.

"Great Scotland!" exclaimed Silver Star,  
pointing across toward the town; "I'd give  
my whole right and title to all Dakota if I could  
go through your hornet's nest like a volley of  
grape-shot."

"I wish so, too, boy, if wishin' 'll do any  
good," replied Old Arkansaw; "but I'll bet the  
red bastions have all got their optics skinned  
and their auracules open. I just want to meet  
that sweet-scented White Crane again, and if I  
don't show him a thing or two I'll give my head  
for a lead-stool. If I should meet him to-night,  
I'd spatter his carcass all over this territory,  
and redder the moonshine with his blood. The  
cowardly, sneakin' ole bastion! Hivens! how I  
should like to clap them paws upon him again!"

And the old scout brought his palms together  
until they cracked like a pistol-shot.

"Suppose we go over and stir that hornet's  
nest up, anyhow?" suggested the Boy Knight.

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed the scout, softly;  
"a boy can't pass a hornet's nest without shying  
a stone at it. But then, I'm in fur anything  
that's full of fun and fire. We might go over  
and charge into their village and—then charge  
out again before the varmints strike, though it'll  
be awful risky. Jerusalem crickets! won't it  
raise a seethin' howl? Why, nothin' 'll compare  
with it since the morning stars sung together,  
and the Romans charged on Bunker Hill."

"Well, we'll have to go up the river to  
cross."

"Can't we swim her here?—like Washington  
did the ragging Rubicon?"

"No; the banks are too steep," replied the  
youth, leading the way up the river.

In a few minutes they came to what was  
known as the Deep Ford; and entering the  
stream, they crossed to the other side. Just as  
they were emerging from the water, the keen  
eyes of the Boy Knight caught sight of two can-  
oes standing alongside of each other in the  
shadows of the bank, a rod or so below the  
crossing. There was an occupant in each boat.  
Silver Star said nothing of his discovery until  
some distance from the river, when he drew  
rein and requested his companion to do like-  
wise. Then he told Arkansaw of what he had  
seen, and dismounting, he left his horse in the  
old scout's care, and started back to ascertain,  
if possible, who the two were in the canoes.  
He approached the river with the silence of a  
shadow, and at length came within earshot of  
the two unknown persons. Listening intently,

he was surprised to hear some one, speaking  
English, say:

"One of the horses looked like that which  
crossed here last night."

To this a girlish voice replied:

"That was the dreaded young pale-face upon  
him."

"Who?" exclaimed the man, apparently ex-  
cited, "Silver Star?"

"Yes; did you not see the star upon his  
breast?" the Indian maiden—for such the ven-  
turesome boy discovered her to be—replied.

"Had I known that, he would never have es-  
caped alive."

"Does Silent Heart fear him like my peo-  
ple?"

Ah! who is Silent Heart? thought the lis-  
tener.

"No; I do not fear him; but he is my enemy  
and your enemy, Nathelah."

replied the maiden, "and Nathelah should hur-  
ry and alarm the village."

"Do not be in a hurry, Nathelah; your people  
are not asleep. Silent Heart has much to say,  
for it will be many moons before he sees his  
sweetheart again. I am going away."

"Going away? Is Silent Heart tired of Na-  
thelah? Does a fairer one sing words of love in  
his ear?" the girl asked.

"I will meet you here again, Nathelah.  
Watch by the river, and when a broken oar  
floats by the village, meet me here. I will  
come."

"And will you love Nathelah then as now?"

"Why should I not? Have I not pledged my  
love to you?"

"They tell me the tongue of the pale-face  
lover sometimes is crooked."

"Why should you doubt me, Nathelah?"

"Did the river not give to you one fairer than  
Nathelah? Is she not in the wigwam of the Sil-  
ent Heart? And can her smiles and soft voice  
not win his heart?"

"Never, Nathelah, never!"

This assurance seemed to quiet the jealous  
fears of the Indian girl, and after a few min-  
utes more of stolen bliss, their interview ended.  
The maiden headed her canoe down-stream, and  
the lover turned his in the opposite direction.  
In a minute or two both had disappeared.

Ever ready to grasp at straws, the Boy  
Knight began to analyze the conversation of  
the lovers. He wondered who Nathelah could  
be jealous of—who the fair one was that the  
river had given to Silent Heart. Could it have  
been Elwe?

The boy started at the question, and with the  
thought uppermost in his mind he returned to  
Old Arkansaw and made known his discovery,  
but without claiming any material benefit of  
what he had heard more than that the Indian  
girl would return to the village and inform her  
friends that Silver Star was about, and put them  
on their guard.

"Then let us rack out like a small hurri-  
cane," said Old Arkansaw, "and get down there  
ahead of the dusky brat, and go through the  
town like jagged lightning!"

So saying, they galloped toward the Indian  
village, Old Arkansaw taking the lead. Silver  
Star did not exactly know what his old com-  
panion's course of action was, but he made up  
his mind to follow him wherever he dared to go.

Straight on toward the Sioux town galloped  
the reckless scouts, and the nearer they ap-  
proached it the faster they rode. Not a savage  
seemed to dispute their way, and without the  
least alarm being raised, they suddenly dashed  
into the outskirts of the village.

And now arose a Pandemonium of noises on  
the October night. Old Arkansaw uttered a  
yell of defiance and discharged his revolver at  
the nearest savage. Silver Star followed his  
example, and then, putting spur, they thunder-  
ed away through the dark part of the village,

with the yelping of dogs, the shouts and cries  
of women and children, and the yells of the  
warriors trailing after them until night became  
black with the sounds. But as well might  
they have pursued the savages all day, for they  
were aware of the fact, the raiders were in the woods  
—out of reach of all dangers.

But so successful had been the ride of the  
fearless scouts that Silver Star was not content  
to let well enough alone, and he resolved to  
make another dash. It is true, nothing had  
been accomplished by the charge, aside from  
the wild excitement it created; but this was not  
what had taken the Boy Knight there. He was  
in search of Elwe; and no sooner did he find  
himself in the woods with the savages all drawn  
from the village in pursuit, than he resolved to  
take advantage of the moment, and run another  
and greater risk in Elwe's behalf.

Without saying a word to Old Arkansaw, he  
turned abruptly to the right and galloped away  
through the woods back to the river. Then,  
turning down the stream, he again entered the  
Indian town on the south side, at which point  
he knew the place was deserted, the savages—  
men, women and children—being at the other  
side of the village.

With impunity, the daring boy galloped down  
into the very heart of the Indian town. He  
knew enough of Indian habits and customs to  
know that the prison lodge was located near  
the center of the village, and always designated  
by some peculiar device. As he advanced the  
young scout selected this lodge from among the  
many, and rode straight toward it. In a mo-  
ment more he was at the door of the tent. No  
one was there to dispute his way, and leaning  
forward in his saddle he raised the flap-door  
and looked in. But, darkness filled the apart-  
ment—he heard, he saw nothing.

"Elwe! Elwe, are you here?" he called out,  
but there was no response. Again he called the  
name of Elwe. A yell was the only answer. It  
was found that the ball of the tent struck his  
ankle, inflicting a very painful, but not dan-  
gerous wound. The whole foot and leg had  
been completely paralyzed by the shock; but  
this gradually wore off, leaving the sense of  
pain more acute.

Captain Barnes dressed the wound as well as  
means at command would permit; and recom-  
mended a frequent application of cold water to  
allay the pain and fever.

Already the soldiers had taken the necessary  
precautions to guard against a surprise by the  
Indians. Besides the four guards stationed at  
as many different points, the location selected  
for a camp possessed great natural advantages  
as a defensive position. It was guarded upon  
one side by the river, and then nearly surround-  
ed by a horseshoe-shaped body of water upon  
the other sides, thus forming a kind of a penin-  
sula that could be reached only by way of a  
narrow neck of land.

The peninsula was about five acres in area—  
a low, sandy tract of land covered with tall,  
dense timber, and strewn with driftwood and  
debris, for the place was subject to overflows  
during high water.

In the very center of this point had the sol-  
diers lighted a camp-fire; and after the return  
of Arkansaw and Silver Star, and the wound of  
the latter had been dressed, and the story of  
their adventures narrated, all seated themselves  
around the fire and engaged in a quiet conver-  
sation.

Thus an hour had passed, when suddenly a  
shrill, strange wail pierced through the solemn  
stillness of the place and started soldier and  
scout to his feet.

The tramp of feet and the cracking of dry  
brush was heard, and a moment later one of the  
guards came into camp, escorting as queer-  
looking a creature as it had been their lot to  
look upon in many a day; and what was most  
strange, the person was a woman—a white wo-  
man, well on toward fifty years of age.

She was dressed in a garb as odd and outland-  
ish as her general appearance. Her dress was  
made of some heavy, coarse material of a dirty  
brown color. It was scant in breadth and in  
length, and just reached to the tops of a  
pair of number-seven army shoes. Over this  
dress she wore a pea-green jacket embroidered  
with red, and trimmed with rows of different-  
colored bands. Upon her head was a great,  
flaring bonnet that rose and fell like elephants'  
ears with each nod and motion of the head.  
Upon one arm she carried a small beaded sachet,  
which appeared to be well filled; and in her  
right hand she carried a great, heavy and  
clumsy-looking umbrella that seemed to be the  
worst of long usage.

"Well, by the Holy Jerusalem!" exclaimed

precipitous. The rift was before him, and the  
approaching savages now completed the envi-  
roning circle. Escape seemed impossible, and  
capture would be certain death.

Before him a tree had been felled so as to  
span the channel. The top side of this log had  
been hewn away to a flat surface over twelve  
inches in width. This had been used by the  
Indians as a foot-log, and the sight of it sug-  
gested a means of escape to the daring young  
knight. But he was wounded, as he believed,  
so that he could not walk. The only way he  
could effect his escape was by deserting his  
horse and dragging himself along upon his  
hands and knees the best he could. A moment's  
reflection, however, convinced him that he could  
never elude the savages by this means, and all  
hope had faded from his breast, when out of the  
darkness of the woods upon the opposite side of  
the chasm, a voice cried out:

"Dismount, boy, and cross on the log!" It  
was the voice of Old Arkansaw.

"I can't, Arkansaw; one of my legs is shot  
off, I guess," was the boy's cool response.

"Oh, great Babylon!—boy, they'll abolish  
you! See! they're comin' a thousand million  
strong! My God, Silver Star! what are you  
goin' to do, boy?"

The lad had turned his horse's head and was  
urging it toward the chasm.

"I'm goin' to ride over on this log, Arkansaw,  
or die in the attempt," replied the boy; "steady,  
Prince, steady."

"Farewell then, brave boy, farewell!" groan-  
ed the old plainsman, as he saw the trained  
horse, obedient to its master's will, place its fore  
feet upon the narrow bridge and then with a  
spring plant the others close behind them. He  
saw the horse, with neck extended and form  
quivering over the precipice, take one step; but  
he saw no more, for he turned his head to shut  
out the scene that followed.

## CHAPTER VI.

AN INTRUDER IN CAMP.

OLD ARKANSAW heard the sound of the  
horse's hoofs upon the log, and heard it snorting  
with affright; he heard the voice of his young  
friend speaking words of command and en-  
couragement to his horse—he heard the wild  
screams of the approaching savages—all, seem-  
ingly, blended in one awful, horrible sound that  
numbed his very senses, and transfixed his will  
with fear and terror. His heart seemed to rise in his  
throat, and a dreadful, choking sensation fol-  
lowed. They were the pangs and burnings of  
the most painful suspense that man could suf-  
fer; and it seemed as if they would never end.

Everything was on a blinding whirl about the  
old hunter.

"Come, Arkansaw," suddenly exclaimed a  
voice, and a horseman swept past him.

The spell was broken. It was the voice of  
Silver Star—the Boy Knight was safe. He had  
safely ridden his horse over the chasm upon the  
foot-log—performed a miracle!

The old hunter started up, gave utterance to  
a yell of joy, and putting spur, dashed away  
after the fearless boy.

Dumb with astonishment, the red-skins pa-  
used upon the edge of the chasm. Then a cry of  
baffled triumph burst from their throats. A  
few dismount, and running across upon the  
log, start in pursuit of the Boy Knight.

Away through the forest sped the two scouts.  
They followed the river a few miles, when they  
finally rode into the stream and crossed to the  
opposite shore. Continuing on, they soon  
reached camp, when Silver Star was assisted  
from his horse and his wound examined.

It was found that the ball of the tent struck his  
ankle, inflicting a very painful, but not dan-  
gerous wound. The whole foot and leg had  
been completely paralyzed by the shock; but  
this gradually wore off, leaving the sense of  
pain more acute.

Captain Barnes dressed the wound as well as  
means at command would permit; and recom-  
mended a frequent application of cold water to  
allay the pain and fever.

Already the soldiers had taken the necessary  
precautions to guard against a surprise by the  
Indians. Besides the four guards stationed at  
as many different points, the location selected  
for a camp possessed great natural advantages  
as a defensive position. It was guarded upon  
one side by the river, and then nearly surround-  
ed by a horseshoe-shaped body of water upon  
the other sides, thus forming a kind of a penin-  
sula that could be reached only by way of a  
narrow neck of land.

The peninsula was about five acres in area—  
a low, sandy tract of land covered with tall,  
dense timber, and strewn with driftwood and  
debris, for the place was subject to overflows  
during high water.

In the very center of this point had the sol-  
diers lighted a camp-fire; and after the return  
of Arkansaw and Silver Star, and the wound of  
the latter had been dressed, and the story of  
their adventures narrated, all seated themselves  
around the fire and engaged in a quiet conver-  
sation.

Thus an hour had passed, when suddenly a  
shrill, strange wail pierced through the solemn  
stillness of the place and started soldier and  
scout to his feet.

The tramp of feet and the cracking of dry  
brush was heard, and a moment later one of the  
guards came into camp, escorting as queer-  
looking a creature as it had been their lot to  
look upon in many a day; and what was most  
strange, the person was a woman—a white wo-  
man, well on toward fifty years of age.

She was dressed in a garb as odd and outland-  
ish as her general appearance. Her dress was  
made of some heavy, coarse material of a dirty  
brown color. It was scant in breadth and in  
length, and just reached to the tops of a  
pair of number-seven army shoes. Over this  
dress she wore a pea-green jacket embroidered  
with red, and trimmed with rows of different-  
colored bands. Upon her head was a great,  
flaring bonnet that rose and fell like elephants'  
ears with each nod and motion of the head.  
Upon one arm she carried a small beaded sachet,  
which appeared to be well filled; and in her  
right hand she carried a great, heavy and  
clumsy-looking umbrella that seemed to be the  
worst of long usage.

"Well, by the Holy Jerusalem!" exclaimed



the small, low cottage, to which we introduced the reader at the commencement of our story. It had lost much of the neat, trim appearance it had then; the gate was broken and the vines dismantled from the rustic porch.

A man was splitting wood just outside. "Does Barbara Worth live here?" inquired Mr. Cameron.

The man looked puzzled. "Is it blind Barb, y' mane?"

"Yes, she was blind, and her name is Barbara."

"Sorra, a bit does she live here now, at all, at all? I heard say that she was out of her head, like, an' Miss Sutton took her to some doctor's place, or rather."

"Sutton! Sutton!" repeated Mr. Cameron, in an excited tone and manner. "what Sutton! Was her Christian name Lucia?"

"I'm thinkin' that was her name, sur. I only know her as the laddy that lives in the big white house on the hill—or did live there."

"Where is she?"

"That I couldn't tell you, sur," said the man, with a solemn shake of the head; "she's dead."

Richard smiled at this non-committal reply, while Mr. Cameron looked as though he was uncertain what to do next.

"If this woman was Lucia Sutton," he said to his nephew, "she is the person I have been trying to find so many years, and who I am now more convinced than ever was at the bottom of all these troubles. But if she is dead, and Barbara Worth cannot be found, there is nothing to be done, as I see."

A pleasant, intelligent-looking woman, with a baby in her arms, had come out of the house, and stood listening to this conversation.

"Barney, I don't believe but what Elsie Pringle could tell the gentleman what he wants to know. You know she lived with Mrs. Sutton, and went with her when she took blind Barry to New York."

"Where does this person live?" said Mr. Cameron, turning to the young woman.

"She keeps a variety store in the village, sir. It's on Main street, on the right as you go down. You can't miss it."

Mr. Cameron put some silver in the chubby hands of the baby; then the two retraced their way back to the village.

Going down Main street, they soon came to a little shop, on the door of which was very conspicuously lettered:

"MISS PRINGLE'S FANCY STORE."

On one side of it was a show window, in which were displayed specimens of the various articles sold within.

As they opened the door, the sharp ring of a bell called a woman out from a room in the rear.

It is our old acquaintance Elsie, looking very much the same as when we first met her, with the exception of a slight limp.

She passed round back of the counter, to where her supposed customers stood.

"I wish to see Miss Elsie Pringle."

"That is my name."

"You lived with the late Mrs. Sutton?"

Elsie looked uneasy, scanning more closely than she had hitherto done the countenances of her visitors.

"Well, yes, I lived with her—why?"

"Do you know what became of Barbara Worth, commonly called Blind Barb, who went with Mrs. Sutton to New York last spring?"

The uneasiness so plainly visible in Elsie's face, now changed to fear and distrust.

"No, I don't. I didn't have nothin' to do with her goin'." She seemed sort o' crazy. When we got to New York, she grew worse, an' Mrs. Sutton sent her to some doctor. That's all I know 'bout it. Did you want to buy anytin'?"

Here Richard said something to his uncle in a low voice, who replied to him in the same tone.

Then the latter turned again to Elsie.

"I have something of importance to say to you, and must ask a private interview."

Elsie led the way, with visible reluctance, to a little room back of the shop.

It was evident to Mr. Cameron that she knew more than she was willing to admit, for fear of compromising herself, though in what way was a puzzle to him. It almost seemed as if she was alarmed for her personal safety.

"If there's anythin' wrong," she commenced, in an agitated voice, "it ain't my fault. I waited on Barb, and did just as Mrs. Sutton told me, and if any mischief has been done, I ain't to blame for it."

Mr. Cameron was convinced by Elsie's words and manner that some foul play had been attempted, if not perpetrated; but the first thing to be done was to allay her apprehensions.

"You are not going to be blamed for anything. Nor will you be harmed; unless, indeed, you refuse to give me the information I am sure you possess. On the contrary, if you answer my questions truly and honestly, you will be liberally rewarded."

Elsie looked distrustfully at the bank-note that Mr. Cameron took from his pocket-book, saying:

"Of course, I'll tell you anythin' I know, sir."

"Well, then, what was Mrs. Sutton's object in taking Barbara Worth away among strangers?"

"Well, sir, she said she wanted to consult some doctor about her."

"I didn't ask you what she said; I asked you what you believed her object to be. Mrs. Sutton is dead; you surely have no reason to fear her now?"

"I think 'twas because she was afraid she'd tell something; in fact, she told me so."

The uncle and nephew looked at each other.

"She did? Now you tell me you waited on Barbara; was her mind really affected, or was it simply a pretense on Mrs. Sutton's part? Remember that your only safety lies in being perfectly frank."

"Well, sir, there ain't no denyin' but what Barb was out of her head, but I think 'twas somethin' else. Mrs. Sutton give her that made her so. I minded that she always had them queer spalls after she'd took some of the wine or cordial that Mrs. Sutton kept by her."

"How did it seem to affect her?"

"At first, it made her giddy an' crazy-like; then she grew stupid, an' didn't seem to take no notice of nothin' nor nobody. A good deal of the time I dressed an' undressed her as I would a baby."

"Before Barbara went to New York, did she live quite alone?"

"Yes, sir. She lived in a little cottage out of the village, that belonged to Mrs. Sutton."

"Did you ever know of her having a child with her, a girl?"

"No, sir, only Mrs. Sutton's daughter. She had the care of her, I think, from a baby."

"How old is this daughter?"

"I couldn't tell exactly. I should say she must be eighteen or nineteen; something along there, sir."

"You think this girl is Mrs. Sutton's child?"

"She was always called so. It ain't more'n eight years since Mrs. Sutton come to Edgemoor; so her daughter was quite a girl when I first saw her."

Mr. Cameron looked attentively at the speaker. If she had any doubts on the subject, or knowledge of facts, beyond what she stated, she was evidently determined to keep them to herself.

"How long has Mrs. Sutton been dead?"

"About six months."

"Where did she die, here?"

"Oh, no, sir; she was killed on the cars last summer. I presume you heard of it; two trains coming together, owing to some mistake about the time. There was a terrible loss of life. It was a great escape for me. I was sitting beside Mrs. Sutton only a few minutes before; but there was a lady on board on her way to be governess in a family she was acquainted with—Miss Lane. I think her name was—an' she told me to give her my place, so I took a seat on the other side. I hadn't much more'n got

comfortably fixed when the trains met. Mrs. Sutton an' this lady were so crushed that if it hadn't been for their dress they couldn't have been told apart, an' the only hurt I had was on my foot."

Mr. Cameron listened very gravely to this.

"It was a terrible death. I knew Mrs. Sutton some years ago, when her fate promised to be very different. Now I want to find this blind woman, Barbara Worth. Where did Mrs. Sutton take her when she left New York?"

"I didn't go with her; I stayed with some relatives I had in the city while she was gone. She told me, when she got back, that she'd left her with a doctor, in some place on the Hudson. 'Twasn't more'n two weeks after that she was killed."

"Did she leave no letters or papers that could give any clue to this doctor's name and address?"

Elsie glanced at the bank-note, and then at the face of the speaker.

"I don't know; perhaps I might find somethin' of the kind."

"If you can, and will give it to me, I shall not only be greatly obliged, but will give you this fifty-dollar bill."

Elsie looked at the note that was held up to her, as if to make sure of the amount; then rising with alacrity, disappeared behind a curtain at the further end of the room.

She soon reappeared with an empty directed envelope in her hand, which she handed to Mr. Cameron.

It bore this inscription:

"Dr. John Garvin, Poughkeepsie, N. Y."

"This is the doctor's address with whom Barbara Worth was left?"

"Yes, sir."

Rising to his feet, Mr. Cameron put the envelope into his breast-pocket, and the bill in the eager hand held out to receive it.

"We must go directly back to the city, Dick. If we hurry we can catch the next train."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### RICHARD'S VISIT TO FOREST HILL.

It was night when Mr. Cameron and his nephew got back to the city; and as anxious as the former was to follow up the clue he had received, he was obliged to defer it until another day.

They went to a hotel.

After supper Mr. Cameron went to his room to obtain the much needed rest, but Richard went round to see Hannah.

The reader will remember Hannah Prouty, in whose lodging-house Irva found refuge on her escape.

The good woman was surprised and delighted to see him.

Among the many questions that poured in upon him, she found time to inquire about Irva, who held a warm place in her heart.

"Is she still at your sister's, Mr. Richard? I haven't heard nothin' from her or seen any of your folks to inquire."

"I presume she is; there is where I left her. I expect to see her to-morrow. Uncle Charles has some business up the Hudson, and I'm going east far with his sister, Kate's. What shall I tell Miss Lane from you?"

"Give her my love, for one thing. And tell her that she mustn't forget her promise to come an' see me whenever she comes down."

"I will, and I won't forget my promise to bring her, either."

What nonsense, Mr. Richard. But you always will have your joke."

"It's no joke at all, Hannah," laughed Richard, as he ran down the steps; "when you see her, you'll see me."

Richard's good as his word; reaching Forest Hill about noon, in the midst of the first snow-storm of the season.

As he rode up to the door, he looked eagerly toward the school-room windows, hoping to catch a glimpse of the form, so often present in his sleeping and waking dreams, but the blinds were closed, and there were no signs of life in that part of the building.

He found Kate all alone, with the exception of the children.

"Janey went back this morning, and as John had some business in the city, he went with her. You must have passed on the way. You spoke about uncle Charles; why didn't he stop with you?"

"He had some business beyond. I presume he will stop on his way back. You know the school has been making so many years; he thinks he has obtained a clew now that will lead to some definite conclusion."

Kate looked disturbed. She had always entertained hopes that Mr. Cameron would make Richard his heir; loving her brother too well not to feel uneasy at the discovery so likely to prove adverse to his interests.

"What has he discovered? Anything of importance?"

"I don't feel at liberty to state just what it is, even if I understood it fully, in all its bearings. But, however, I hope that it will remove the cruel uncertainty that has tortured so long one of the noblest hearts that ever beat."

During this conversation, Richard had kept his eyes and ears on the alert, thinking that something would be said that would lead to the subject that was uppermost in his thoughts.

He now said:

"By the way, Kate, I called on Hannah when I was in the city. I found the good old body full of lodgers, and as busy and happy as a bee. She sent a message to Miss Lane, that I must not forget to give her."

Kate's countenance underwent a noticeable change.

Miss Lane, as she called herself, is gone. George Lane came on from the West, and declared that she was not his sister, nor any way related to him."

Kate was totally unprepared for the effect of these words on her brother.

He started to his feet, confronting her with a look that she never forgot.

"And you sent her away?"

"Of course. You don't think I would keep her after learning the deceit she had practiced? But it was a great surprise to us all. I was never so deceived in any one in my life."

"In your favorable estimation of her character—and I know from your own lips that it was favorable—you were not deceived in her, Kate."

Kate's face flushed hotly.

"I never thought to hear my brother defend such conduct as this! In my opinion, a young girl that could plan and carry out such a deliberate and systematic deception must be very depraved!"

"It was not her plan, it was mine."

"Yours?"

"Yes, mine. It was my suggestion that she enter your family in the way she did enter it. In fact, I had to exercise all my powers of persuasion to induce her to consent."

"Richard Harrington! If any one else had told me that you would do, or countenance such a thing, I wouldn't have believed it!"

"It is a peculiarity of Richard's that he saw a ludicrous side to most everything, and the amazement and horror in his sister's uplifted eyes and hands brought a roguish smile to his lips."

"You see, Kate, you may know a person all your life, and be deceived in him."

"It may seem very funny to you," was the indignant rejoinder, "but to me it is perfectly dreadful!"

"That is very possible; only let your censure fall where it belongs, on me. The sin and folly are mine, and I don't propose to share them with any one."

"It's all very well for you to say that, but it's my belief that she came here for the express purpose of entrapping you into marrying her."

"You were never more mistaken in your life, Kate. If you'll listen to me with any degree of calmness, I will tell you just how the whole thing came about, and all there is to it."

Here Richard related to his sister what the reader already knows.

"It was not my intention to leave you in ignorance of these facts," he said, in conclusion; "as soon as Irva had been with you a few days, and you felt interested in her, as I felt sure you would be, I intended to tell you just as it was. But, Miss Weston came—and various other things, not necessary to mention now, deterred me from doing so. I was called away very unexpectedly. I left with the intention of writing you about it, after I had been away a few weeks, or else defer it until my return, which I supposed would be in three or four months."

For the first time in her life, Kate was seriously angry with her brother.

"What you tell me makes it no better for her, and much worse for you. What right had you to place in my family a woman, picked up in the street, and of whose character you knew nothing?"

"Kate, answer me this one question: Did you ever see anything amiss in this young lady while she was with you? Was not her conduct, in every respect, gentle, modest, and womanly? You told me, yourself, that the children never behaved so well as they did when under her care and influence."

Kate remembered what she said, and her brother's allusion to it only increased her anger.

"I don't care if I did! It was a contrived plan, on her part, to make you think her a piece of perfection; and it seems she succeeded!"

Here Kate's excitement culminated in a burst of tears.

Richard waited, with all the patience he could muster, until this had passed. Then he said:

"I sent her a letter, directed to this place; did she get it?"

"It came on the day she left. I was just on the point of sending it to her, when I heard she was gone."

This was the truth, though not the whole truth, as Kate well knew. In her brother's present mood, she did not dare to let him know how late the letter was in her hands before Irva's departure.

"One question more: Where did she go?"

"I don't know where she went."

"Do you mean to tell me, Kate, that you don't know what direction she took when she left here?"

John got the impression that she returned to New York. I never inquired where she was going; and I am very glad, now, that I didn't."

Kate looked at her brother in amazement. In all her life, she had never known him to betray so much feeling and excitement as now.

He walked up and down the room for some moments without speaking.

Then, suddenly turning, he confronted her.

"Kate! I love that girl with all the strength of my manhood; I never knew how well until now! I will search the wide world over, but will find her; and I give you fair warning, if I see so fortunate a way to win her affections, that I shall make her my wife!"

In spite of his sister's entreaties, Richard returned to New York on the next train.

In the next *Herald* was the following "personal."

*Herald* will send her present address to the *Herald* office, she will greatly relieve the anxiety of her friends.

BROTHER RICHARD.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 408.)

## THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY MRS. JERNINGHAM.

There is no death, the suns go down To rise upon another sphere.

When Nature kindly clouds the sky It is that men may rest from care.

The roots that hide within the earth Give nurture to the buds and leaves;

Life breathes in every sentient thing, God gives the life that each receives.

When the spring animates the earth, Nature, sweet mother, rises again,

Calls all her children from their sleep, Her voice is never heard in vain.

And music, let it rise and fall, Exerts an influence o'er the soul

As on the air each cadence floats.

When chaos yielded every space, God in His wisdom gave us light,

And still doth bless the universe, Even when hidden from our sight.

The land and sea together blend, The hills and dales with echoes ring,

The waters as they ebb or flow, The great Creator praises sing.

Man is of all God's works the best; He made him to adore His face;

The life that animates the soul Will live through all eternity.

Eternity, mysterious word, That only Faith can comprehend,

Faith that will lead to heaven above, All those who sit on God's right hand.

## Glad to Get Home.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THE golden glory of the autumn sunshine, deepened by the near approach of a glorious sunset, fell over the low white farmhouse, and the fresh, green lane, and the little brown gate.

And lingered with loving touch upon the auburn hair of the pretty girl at the gate, as she stood tapping the latch impatiently with her dimpled hand, a frown on her fair face, and a decided pout upon her red lips.

Her companion, a broad-shouldered, tall, good-looking young fellow, leaned with folded arms upon the rustic fence beside the gate, looking into her downcast face, or rather at it, while he spoke seriously to her.

Hettie Thornhurst was the dearest little farmer's lassie a man ever loved—and of course Harry Johnson loved her, but she was a willful little piece, too, and just now her will was in opposition to her lover's.

For Hettie did not like the farm. She longed for a taste of gay life in the glittering city, and never remembered, silly little thing, that the pretty robin red-breast, such a dear little bird in his own nest, could never be happy among a gorgeous group of brilliant birds of Paradise.

And now Hettie had an invitation to spend the whole winter with a rich aunt in New York, and Hettie wanted to go. More especially as she had lately had a gift of five hundred dollars from her grandfather, and felt herself able to go in style.

Harry Johnson did not want her to go, and he had just been telling her so.

"Putting myself out of the question, pet," said Harry, as Hettie stood tapping the gate latch, "I don't think you ought to leave your mother. She does not seem stout stout this fall, and there's too much work here for her to do alone."

"Let Tom hire a girl, then!" pouted Hettie.

"That would be a heavy expense, and you know Tom wants to pay off all the mortgage your father left on the farm this year."

"I can't wait," cried Hettie. "I'm sure it won't cost Tom anything if I go. I have grandpa's money, you know."

"Yes, Hettie. But pardon me if I say that I think your grandfather's money could be better spent than in fine dresses."

"If you were to invest it in some nice little piece of property, now."

"Oh, yes! And then if we ever marry, the nice little property will be yours, I suppose!"

The instant she had spoken Hettie would gladly have recalled her ungenerous words, for she well knew Harry Johnson was above any such thoughts.

His face turned scarlet, he let go of the fence, and walked away a few steps. Then he came back.

"Hettie, you are not yourself, now, and neither

ing you can say shall make me angry. But you know I did not deserve that cut."

"No, you didn't. I was wrong to say so. Forgive me, Harry, please! I didn't mean to, but you do aggravate me so!"

"I will not aggravate you further, Hettie. Your money is your own; do as you like with it, and go where you like. But if I had authority over you I would certainly prevent this visit to New York."

Poor Harry was unfortunate in his choice of words this evening, for this speech roused Hettie's temper again.

Her eyes flashed as she cried, "You haven't authority over me, Harry Johnson, and if you go on the way you never will have!"

"Take care, Hettie!" cried Harry, turning very white.

"I won't take care!" cried Hettie, recklessly. "I believe the very best thing I could do would be to break the engagement before I go!"

"Do you mean what you say?" asked Harry, in a low tone.

Nothing could stop Hettie, now.

"Yes, I do! I dare say we would never get along if we did marry, so we had better quit now."

"If you go to the city, I suppose we had," said Harry, in the same deep, suppressed tone.

"For you will be very likely to throw yourself away on some brainless fool who will never make you half as happy as I would, plain rustic though I am. But I'll give you one chance to reconsider this, Hettie."

"I don't want any chance! I don't intend to reconsider, and I'm glad to break!" cried Hettie, who seemed as if the demon of perversity had possession of her.

If Harry could have grown whiter he would. But he spoke quite calmly as he said:

"Very well, I shall never ask you to reconsider again. We will take this as final. You need not return my ring. I have no use for it, and no other girl shall ever wear it. Throw it away as you shall see fit. But remember, Hettie, that if you ever need a friend, while Harry Johnson lives you have one who will serve you. Now good-by; I hope you will be happy."

He turned and strode away without even offering her his hand. Poor Harry! he came up to the little gate so happily a few minutes before, and he was going away so utterly miserable.

And Hettie, as she walked into the house, felt quite sobered, if not frightened, by what she had done. She would not dare to tell her mother and Tom, that was sure!

She would not even take off Harry's ring till she went away, for now she was determined to go. The gentle mother, she well knew, would offer no objections, and Tom said he would as soon undertake to break four yoke of oxen as to manage her, so he, at least, would not interfere.

She wrote Aunt Julia she would come at once. A few days after, when she had resolved to give up the trip and stay at home, came a box from Aunt Julia, shimmering silks and flashing bugles, and turned poor Hettie's head completely away from her simple home, and plain country dresses.

She went to the city. And as Harry called to bid her good-by, she did not need to tell Tom and her mother that the engagement was broken. But she knew that he only called to keep down gossip, and his manner was so cold and constrained that she was glad when he was gone.

And she tried to persuade herself that the dull, heavy heartache she felt was only vexation.

Aunt Julia received her rapturously, and immediately began to take delight in dressing her up in all the fine fashions she could think of, saying a girl so beautiful could not fail to make an impression if she was well dressed.

At first it was delightful to Hettie too. But she soon began to weary of lying in bed until all the morning work would have been done at home, and dinner nearly ready. And she began to find it troublesome to dress and undress so many times a day, and to grow tired of sitting idle when at home, and of such a round of dinners, parties and balls, all so much alike.</



Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 26, 1878.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

**Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:**

One copy, four months,	\$1.00
One year,	8.00
Two copies, one year,	5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

**TAKE NOTICE.**—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never enclose the currency except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of a remittance. Losses by mail will be almost surely avoided if these directions are followed.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters of business should be addressed to  
BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,  
98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

## IN OUR NEXT!

### MADCAP,

The Little Quakeress;

OR,  
THE NAVAL CADET'S WOOLING.

A Romance of the Best Society of the Penn City.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,  
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "WAR OF HEARTS," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

Of singular interest, beauty and subtle power, this enchanting serial is really four love stories in one—a revelation of four girls' loves and fates, and a romance of "the best social circles" in the quaint old city that throws a steady light into parlors and homes not often invaded by the "interviewer."

Willful, Provoking Coralie, the Madcap,  
Pure, Faithful, Beautiful Ethel,  
Artful, Weak, Ambitious Myra,  
Misled, Misused, Ever-grateful Olive;

all are "heroines" in the story sense, and yet all are but actors in one most eventful series of circumstances that test and try them all, to the very soul; and the story, hence, is a most powerful presentation of the mystery of the woman heart, mind and nature. Not less, too, is it a searching and significant portraiture of man.

The gay, dashing, honorable Cadet,  
The dissolute, mean, desperate Garwell,  
The high-toned, trusty, devoted Evelyn,  
The plain, straightforward Ignacio;

all are masterly characters that bring into strong relief some of the best and worst qualities of men.

Joseph E. Badger, Jr., Again!

Soon to commence, a powerful and exceedingly striking story from this admirable delineator of Wild Western Life, viz.:

Happy Jack and Pard;

OR,  
THE WHITE CHIEF OF THE SIOUX.

A Romance of Sports and Perils of Post and Plain.

While it is a most truthful delineation of life in the still savage West it is deeply absorbing in story—original, novel and almost unsurpassed with the interest of the conflict of savage and outlaw and ruffian life with the incoming civilization. It will command an eager perusal.

Sunshine Papers.

A Lesson for All to Learn.

HARD times! Bless us, how delightful it would be to hear about something new! We never remember hearing of good times, except the "good time coming;" and it is so long on the way that we have fears it will not arrive before the millennium. But hard times—bah! it has been hard times ever since one's cradle days.

Were there not hard times—financial panics, business crashes, innumerable failures, and all those horrible affairs for which the men nowadays hunt the morning papers daily, and with which they season their breakfast and cheer their families—in 1857? And did not the black days of secession and rebellion follow fast after, when prices went up to fabulous figures, and poor men found joining the army a salvation from starvation? That was when a yard of white muslin was worth its weight in gold, sugar was precious as silver, tea more valuable than gems, and everything else eatable, or drinkable, or wearable, or needful in any way cost accordingly.

These were hard times; and we have heard of nothing but hard times ever since, though there came a season of seeming prosperity, when rents and real estate brought in fabulous amounts, and people learned to make and spend money recklessly. Ah! that was the hardest time of all—for the evil habit of recklessness affected the rich and the lowly alike, and the working people in their efforts to keep up with their wealthier neighbors forgot what frugality and economy meant. As merchandise fell in prices they bought more instead of

saving more, and the wife of the clerk dressed as finely as the wife of his employer. And now, when real estate is almost a curse to those who hold it, and stocks are depreciated, and factories are closed, and failures in all kinds of business are everyday occurrences, and workmen and clerks are thrown out of employment, and wages and salaries are being everywhere reduced, and there is much declared suffering and much suffering endured in secret, few have money laid by upon which to fall back in this time of need, and fewer still know where to commence to save.

That is one secret of the hard times. Another lies with the business men who are really doing well, but not coming money fast enough to suit their rapaciousness, and so make the "times" an excuse for all sorts of injustice to those they should now be most willing to help.

The head of the family—we mean the father of the family, but thought best to explain, since "women's rights" are rather severely asserted in some home-circles, if nowhere else—daily declares that "the times are awful! awful! truly awful, sir!" He goes home and sits at his dinner with severe face. He lifts his voice in prayerful invocation over the meal—using words that he has so often used before that he says them with great solemnity while he is thinking of his day's profits; and his thoughts never rise higher than the roof of his own four-story house—and then commences in the most earthly frame of mind to criticize the dinner.

"This is a fine dinner to give a man when he comes home and expects some thing nice! Potatoes and steak—sirloin steak, too, I do believe!"

"But, John," says his connubial mate, "you get a good dinner in the middle of the day."

"And what if I do?" he growls, without mentioning the soup, roast turkey, five kinds of vegetables, dessert, and glass of ale, he took at one o'clock; "a man must have something to sustain him when he has to slave day after day to support a family"—his slaving consisting mostly of lolling in a cosy office-chair and chatting with customers, while wife is home sewing, and tagging about the house from breakfast-hour to dinner.

"Well, I will not get sirloin steak if you dislike it; but porter-house steak, and rib roast, beef, and poultry, and such things cost so much for a large family like ours; and you say it is such hard times."

"Hard times! Yes, I should think so!" he says; "but we can't starve; we must retrench in other ways. Why, to-day I cut down the salaries of my porter, and entry-clerk, and bookkeeper."

"Poor fellows! they are all married, too; seems to me that was rather hard," says the wife, gently.

"Oh! you women never understand things. Banks are bursting and business-houses failing every day, and we must begin to retrench; and the clerks must not expect to get as much now as when times are good; they must learn to spend less!"

"Well," says wife, "I suppose you know best. Can you give me three dollars, John, to pay the old man who tends the furnace?"

"Three dollars! Where are the ten I gave you last week?"

"I paid seven for plain sewing, to Mrs. Jones, and one to the Pastor's Aid Society, and two to the dressmaker."

"Seven for plain sewing when you have a machine! You ought not to be paying for plain sewing these hard times."

"But, it is a real charity to give it to Mrs. Jones, for her husband has been sick and out of work for over a year, and she has her household to pay and three little children to support."

"Charity begins at home," says the business-man, sententiously. "Times are too hard to be supporting other families than one's own, and fifty cents a month, nowadays, must do for the Pastor's Aid Society, and the up-stairs girl must see to the furnace in future."

"Oh, John! Poor old Jim and his old wife would starve if he could not get furnaces to see to; besides, the servants do not think it their place to do such work."

"Then you can get new servants, and teach them to know their place. I'm not going to pay a dollar a week, in such times as these, to have the furnace fed. Here are the three dollars, and you can tell the man we don't want him any longer; and by the way, here are twenty-five dollars to pay for the new pants and vest, and a box of cigars I ordered."

That's the style! That is what hard times means to certain men! They cut down on their church expenses, cut down on charities, take the bread out of the very mouths of the poor people who have worked for them, heartlessly turn them adrift, lessen the number of their employees and send home those they retain with the news that their salaries have been reduced twenty-five per cent., but they do not curtail a cent upon their house and personal expenses, nor deny themselves a single necessity nor luxury. Times are hard, but they keep them easy for themselves by the dastardly process of making them harder for others.

Ah, when these people come to die—if it is possible for them to send messages to their friends on earth—they will controvert with innumerable proofs the theory lately advanced by a most sensational and erratic theologian, that there is no hell! They will learn then, what they never learned on earth—the true meaning of hard times!

And while the hard times of to-day may be teaching us of the present generation a lesson in self-denial and economy that we need to know, that fact will not mitigate the retribution that will overtake those who forget, in these times, to "do justly and to love mercy."

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

"A touch of Nature makes us all akin," that is why a good love-story is so enticing to all, for every man and woman living who has a human nature have felt the thrills, throbs and throes of "the grand passion," and recall much of their own emotional experience in the revelations of the author who writes as **CORINNE CUSHMAN** does with a masterful and cunning pen. Her new story—to commence in our next—is quite sure to lead the reader's attention captive.

### THE MORAL OF "ITEMS."

Did you ever think what a deal of the drama of life may be witnessed by the perusal of a few items in the newspapers, which, if placed together, would show "high" and "low" humanity, in its relations to causes and effects?

For instance, one reads of a young millionaire who, last winter, presented his lady-love with a diamond necklace, valued at \$50,000, and sundry other gifts, of but little less value.

How would it do to put under this paragraph relating to the finding of the body of a woman frozen to death in the cold street, starved to death in a city of wealth and charity? Then may come the item of the discovery of the body of a poor betrayed girl, floating in

the water of the Hudson, with scarce a friend left to claim the form that once held a pure soul and had an untarnished name. Why should not these fortune-tellers, quack doctors and medical charlatans, have their advertisements appended to this item? You cannot see what one has to do with the other, but you would, if you knew the whole story of that girl's life. You think that, for her death, at least, she has no one to blame but herself—as she was a suicide. I believe others were as much to blame in the taking off of that poor creature's life, as if they had stood behind her and pushed her into the river's bed!

Just below our eyes, we catch a few lines remarking that such a boy had left his home and run away to sea. The comment thereon seems to be, how was it possible for a son to leave the parental roof to seek so precarious a life as that of a common sailor?

The answer I can easily find in the following paragraph on another page: "Harems with, and tyranny over children, are not of such a nature as to cause them to love home; and, if persisted in, will cause more than one youth to leave the homestead, believing that no place can be worse, and many much better, than their own homes."

Look a little further on in the paper and you may discover—for the case is a very common one nowadays, more's the shame—the embezzlement of the cashier of a bank or the confidential clerk of a large mercantile house, and our wonder is why a person with a fine salary and a good reputation should sink himself so low as to commit a thief. How will this paragraph fit the above case: "Extravagance and the mania for speculation are stepping-stones to guilt. If a person would but live within his income we should hear less of crime, and the individual himself would be far happier and his conscience less troubled." But, my good friend, they will not do it. "I will have as much money as another, I will have as fine clothes and as fine horses, even if I cannot afford it. I can speculate."

And he does speculate, not with his own money, but his employer's; the speculation fails, the money cannot be returned, the clerk or cashier absconds. How must go I have his speculation done him, pecuniarily or morally?

"The body of poor young—", killed in a drunken brawl, was carried to the home of his parents, a home bare and meager enough; there seemed to have been something wanting to make it feel homelike, and we are told that it always had that cheerless, desolate look even before young—commenced his downward course."

"The gambling and liquor saloons are ablaze with light; they are warm and magnificently furnished—that is, those of an aristocratic (?) character. It is to the interest of the proprietors to have them so, in order to draw the custom of respectable young men."

Moral: If you want to keep your boys at home, you must make home as attractive as the places abroad, filling them with different kinds of pleasure and showing them that "home is the kingdom, and love is the king."

Surely if it is to the interest of the proprietors of the questionable places to have them as attractive as possible, in order to draw custom, is it not to the interest of all parents to have their homes as attractive, in order to keep their children there and prevent them from having a desire to seek their amusement elsewhere? Is it not a duty?

EVE LAWLESS.

In **Albert W. Alken's** new City Life story, soon to come, we have this favorite author in his "home-field." No living writer knows the city's ins and outs—its highways and byways—its good and bad people—better than he; and in **Joe Phoenix, the Police Spy**, our readers are to be served with something they will all welcome—men and women readers alike.

### Foolsap Papers.

After a Policy.

He was a seedy, overripe specimen of an Insurance dead-beat; a living personal example of a bad policy, got up on an unreformed plan. His brains wouldn't average one inch to the foot, but his sublime brass went two miles to the inch. He was full of statements, and figures, and could talk you into apoplexy in ten minutes, and then call for another victim. You couldn't shut him up any more than you could shut up a door in a new house, and when he'd begin he didn't know where to stop any more than a stranger in a strange town and the hotel burst.

The other day this agent went to call on old Fizzem, who was exceedingly rich and carried a policy, but was good for 10,000, anyway, if he could be induced. The agent approached his domicile, grabbed the door-bell and jerked the servant-girl to the door, who ushered him into the presence of Fizzem, and the following scene ensued:

AGENT. Good-morning, Mr. F. I came to talk a little Insurance this morning, and—  
FIZZEM. I have no time to spare, sir; please call another time.

AGENT. Yes, time is short, that is the reason everybody should take out a policy—  
F. But I am very busy, sir.

AGENT. Yes, I see you are all business, and as a business man you will not fail to see that a policy—  
F. You don't require any policy on your cheek, sir.

AGENT. Indeed you are right, sir, but—  
F. I would be glad if you would have more immediate business elsewhere, and were on the hunt of it.

AGENT. I wanted you to see our new rates and—  
F. I would be pleased if you would shut my front door from the outside.

AGENT. Please do not get hasty, as I came to stay a short time with you only, and give you such an insight into the beauties of Life Insurance that will induce you to—  
F. Sir, you will feel dreadfully put out about the second thing you know.

AGENT. My dear friend, I never allow myself to be out of humor, and—  
F. If you are not insured yourself then you had better evacuate these premises, or I will not be responsible for the accidents that might be incurred.

AGENT. I hold an accident policy, sir, and am not alarmed; but I shall not allow myself to leave without the pleasure of enlarging on our new plans of Life Insurance—  
F. I suppose I will be in need of a policy if you remain much longer. Can you not take a hint?

AGENT. Yes, I can take a hint; but if you would take a policy in our company it would be a fair exchange, and I would bear anything.

F. You can take anything you please, but only leave the house or I will be compelled to show you the direction of the door that leads to the street.

AGENT. Calm yourself, sir. We are twenty

per cent. below any other company; our assets beyond others, and our li—

F. Yes, your life is beyond all others I ever heard. I have wasted too much time with you already.

AGENT. Mr. Fizzem, all time wasted this way is gained. I can offer—  
F. Your hat is in your hand, sir, and the sound of your sneezing feet would be peculiarly pleasant to this moment.

AGENT. Our new plan consists of—  
F. A small bit of your absence would satisfy me more than your presence at the present moment, and if you stay here you will get my application very quick.

AGENT. I, sir, am yours to command, but I cannot see how I am to leave here without taking your policy for a good sum. Think of your children and your wives.

F. Think of yourself. It seems to me that you are inclined to be impudent. My wives!

AGENT. Not in the least, sir. A Life Insurance agent has never been known to be so. Modesty was the bane of our family ever since they started out.

F. Sir, if you wish to make a new start into the world you will have no better chance, and you can start now by the way of that door.

AGENT. Our company is entirely new—  
F. Yes, but you are getting to be old, and I prefer to hear the echo of your feet down the corridors of time, and also down my front steps.

AGENT. But, Mr. Fizzem, I called upon a visit of solicitation, and beg to offer a few—  
F. I beg to excuse myself for you leaving so abruptly, but the fact is, Mr. Agent, that you are untimely called away and cannot stay longer, although you are very sorry for it, and I accept all untold apologies. The front door opens from the inside in case of fire or other frantic exits, and the way is otherwise clear.

AGENT. Please accept a chair, Mr. Fizzem, and be seated. I offer you the hospitalities of your house. Make yourself at home. I have abundance of leisure on my hands and am willing to lose any amount of time in convincing you that our comp—

F. Sir, your company has already become obnoxious to me, and I can get along without it. I do not desire it. You are running a risk upon which there is no insurance.

AGENT. An Insurance agent never takes an insult. They are a class of humble persons who bear and forbear, and occasionally bulldoze, but they mean well, and always look to the welfare of humanity, for which they live, move and talk, and—

He was suddenly impressed with an idea that there was a hand grasping the collar of his coat, and that he was going at an Insurance rate, toward the door, with an occasional kick as if it came from the hind leg of a Keely motor, and in the struggle he fairly shed the hall full of blanks, circulars, pamphlets and other Insurance documents, and with an eighty-ton gun kick he was shot through the front door, and bumped against an old gentleman who knocked him down. He got up astonished at his own power of endurance, and left, saying that he'd call the next day.

Fizzem said: "Yes, you call here again and there will be an Insurance report and an agent missing. I'll take your life, sir, cheaper than you want to take mine."

The agent merely looked back smiling, and wished him good-day.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

**Launce Poynt's** most charming and instructive series, "Woods and Waters," will be followed by the same characters in a new field, where the Rifle and Revolver are the weapons, and the game is the buffalo, bear, antelope, etc.—an announcement sure to please the old boys and young who have read the first series with unbounded delight.

—Fourteen bushels of chestnuts were sent last autumn through the mails, in small packages, from Merrimack county, N. H., to Helena, Mon. The postage amounted to \$102.37.

—Maurice Vignaux, the French billiard expert, has issued a challenge to all billiard players, including the Paris professors, offering to give any one who takes it up 300 points in 2,000.

—Sir Wilfred Lawson, the temperance member of Parliament, says that a jail chaplain once told him that in his experience only one teetotaler was ever brought before him, and that was a man who thrashed his wife for getting drunk.

—The Russian soldiers wear a sort of hood called a bashnick. The fashion originates with the dwellers on the borders of the Caspian Sea, where it is worn by both men and women. The finest bashnicks are of camel's hair, and are light, soft, and warm.

—There are over thirty unwedded diplomats at Washington, including the German Minister and the Secretary of Legation, the representatives of Italy, Venezuela, Belgium, Costa Rica, Turkey, Chili and the Netherlands, besides seven unmarried clerks and attaches in the Spanish Embassy, four at the British, four at the French, three at the Japanese and two each at the Russian, Austrian and Italian.

—Professor J. H. Kerr, of Colorado College (at Colorado Springs), is the fortunate discoverer of some fossils of unusual size in the locality known as the Garden of the Gods, at the foot of Pike's Peak. The length of one of the animals whose remains have been found, is estimated at 117 feet. The formation is cretaceous, the bones are easily broken, and the animal figures are in part represented by casts.

—Home mission work is just now actively prosecuted on the North Pacific Coast of the United States. The Baptists of Oregon are about to provide a missionary steamboat to coast along Puget Sound, carrying preachers and preaching to the settlers there. The Rev. Sheldon Jackson, of the Presbyterian Church, has founded a prosperous mission at Fort Wrangel, Alaska Territory. This point of the Territory has a permanent population of 500 white people and Indians, and a transient population, sometimes numbering 1,000 or more, partly composed of miners.

—Americans are learning from the Memnonites. Professor Butler writes from Nebraska to the *Chicago Times*: "Of late I have eaten a dinner cooked by grass, as well as examined straw furnaces in the houses of Bishop Peters and scores of his flock. There has been no freezing in his house (48 by 36) during the two years since it was built. Yet his only winter fuel has been straw, and his furnace—the iron work of which cost \$5—is heated only three times a day. What Nebraska had wasted now warns a thousand Muscovites. Russian furnaces, I notice, are already set up in the houses of Yankees, who see that if their fuel shall be hencforth costly or their dwellings cold, the fuel will be all their own."

### Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Fortunate Shot," "The Two Spies," "The Don's Ward," "The Forest Tragedy," "The Money Maniac," "John Loverton's Love," "Adoration," "Oh, Sea," "Little Texas," "Slough Ride," "Turkey Hunt," "Robbers' Pocket," "Adventure with Storm," "How Near She Came," "Who He Was," "The Midnight Visitor."

Declined: "The Eventful Walk," "Fanny's Fortune," "How Fred April Fooled His Sister," "What is Friendship?" "Give What is Yours," "A Winter Game," "The Secret of the Old Barn," "A Mustang's Love," "Ten Years Too Late," "Who He Was," "The Midnight Visitor."

GEORGE. Adverb of place, qualifying the verb stride. See your grammar.

J. J. O'G. Crop the hair short; cool the scalp daily and use the comb freely.

SANDY. Every metallic acid injures the teeth. The enamel of the teeth is *pearl*—that, anything strong acid will dissolve.

SALLIE R. The *score* of all the operas are published at from three to five dollars each. Any leading music-dealer will supply them.

FIREMAN. There are several manuals that will help you to study me hanks and the steam-engine. Write to D. Van Nostrand & Co., Publishers, N. Y., for their catalogue.

OLD GRIMES. We are not familiar with the plant you indicate. The writers in all the *Vegetary States* are too cold for the tall pampas grass, save one species.

FARMER CARE. We should say if your friends treat you coldly, when others are present, it is because they, for some reason, don't want others to know of their regard for you. The proper course to pursue is not to visit there any more, until they apologize.

EVELYN. We can hardly express a choice among the sewing-machines. Any one of them will depend upon the kind of work to be done. We know of none that work button-holes. Don't buy a machine and pay by "installments" for you will be charged at least one-third more for it.

PHIL HARDY. Glue will not answer for rubber soles.—Red ants are best destroyed by setting plates around their haunts covered with a thin waste of flour sweetened with molasses. The ants of Fowler's solution of arsenic is poisonous to them. Nothing so good to make you strong and healthy as good food, proper sleep and abstinence from tobacco and strong drink.

MISS E. A. N. It is the style for young ladies who ride or drive to have a ribbon tied upon their wrist of the same color as that which they wear at their neck, or in their hair, or of the color that predominates about their costume. Gentlemen when driving for pleasure in a handsome carriage, also adopt this style somewhat; but we would advise its being confined to the use of the ladies.

JENNIE. The best preparation to use for putting on relief pictures, making scenes, etc., is to mix a little of the best potter's clay with a little of the best oil of turpentine, and pour upon it a few spoonfuls of *boiling water*; just enough to make it *very thick*. Do not add the starch; when cool it is ready for use. It is clear, sweet, and does not discolor the pictures like four-paste, glue or mud.

LITTLE DORNEY. The custom of a "Christmas-tree," on Christmas eve, comes from Germany, where it was first brought into notice by St. Matronus, their first preacher of Christianity. Like other Christmas customs it was derived from pagan practices. On the sixth and seventh days of the Roman Saturnalia the children were presented with little pine trees, hung with toys.

On the eighth day of the festival, each child was given a small tree, such as a one to his nephew Claudius. The Egyptians had their palm tree, and the Buddhists their tree of votive offerings.

HENRY M. T. says: "In helping a young lady into a carriage, which was about to start, I offered her a young lady out to dinner or for refreshment after an evening entertainment, it is customary to offer her wine." Give the lady your left hand, and with your right arm, or elbow, support her from the ground, and in keeping her skirts from contact with the wheels.—No well-brought-up young lady would ever do this in a public place, except with father, brother or husband; and you are safer if you do not invite her to do so.

PEACHY N. The proposed new "Territory of Lincoln" will comprise (if the bill in Congress passes) the present south-western portion of Dakota, together with a slice of Montana and Wyoming. On three sides it has natural boundaries; on the south the line of Nebraska, on the east the Missouri River, and on the north the Yellowstone.

The eastern is arbitrary, and runs through the barren lands of the Sioux and Cheyenne. In area the Territory is 70,000 square miles, and the population, which chiefly consists of miners, is about 35,000, or four-fifths of the entire population of Dakota. A plan for the Territorial government of the northern portion of Dakota, under the name of Huron, is also to be brought forward soon. Should both succeed there will still be enough of Dakota left to make a State as large as Ohio.

GEORGE asks: "Will you please tell me what are nice subjects to write compositions about? I have to write one every week and can't think of any more subjects. In the school a question as 'The oats have eaten the horses' is asked. I heard some one say there was, and that it was in Shakespeare, but I don't believe it. Suppose you describe a game of Base-ball, A Hot day, Dining, etc., or a Journey by Railroad, or Steamboat, or the people you saw during a ride on a city horse-car. Dogs, their habits and the kind of a farmer; the life of a merchant, sailor, or soldier; the different books you have read and liked; the principal places in some town or city which you have visited, are all good subjects for compositions. There is such a quotation as 'the oats have eaten the horses,' and it is to be found in Shakespeare; so you see your informant knew more of that great writer than you.

DELLA asks: "Can you tell me of any remedy for habitually cold feet? Do slippers injure the shape of the foot? Is it impolite to ask a lady visitor to play for your friends, and if not, how can you play yourself?" Habitually cold feet show that your system is not in a healthy condition. Diet yourself, and take plenty of exercise, both indoors and out. Every morning brush your feet in a bowl of cold water, and rub them dry, very briskly, with a rough towel; also brush them harshly, if possible, with a stiff brush. If you do this treatment will soon cure the unpleasantness you now experience.—Slippers are injurious to the feet of children, and young persons, as they allow the feet to spread, and weaken the ankles. If you at it should be for very short periods, merely as a relief after heavy shoes; but never wear them when working about the house, and if you do, request a visitor to play, but you should refuse to allow her to play often, or long at a time. Make the better way, when you expect guests who dance, to hire some person to play for the evening.

R. S. B. writes: "I am engaged, and my lady and myself are members of a literary association, where at each meeting one member is appointed to act as critic, to criticize the pronunciation, reading, etc., of all those who take part. Not so ago I was the critic and criticised several mispronunciations made by my betrothed in reading. I saw immediately that she was displeased, and when I went to escort her home she refused to allow me, and has scarcely spoken to me since. Do you think she is treating me fairly? She told a lady friend that she would not agree to marry me, and I apologized. It does not seem to me that I have done anything for which I ought to apologize, but, as I love her, and am anxious to make up this quarrel, I leave the whole matter to your judgment."

We think the young lady's conduct is simply absurd, and doubtless those of her acquaintances who know about the matter are thinking the same thing. Your duty was to be impartial; and as the critic of the evening you were perfectly right not to overlook the further introduction than "Not so ago I was the critic and criticised several mispronunciations made by my betrothed in reading. I saw immediately that she was displeased, and when I went to escort her home she refused to allow me, and has scarcely spoken to me since. Do you think she is treating me fairly? She told a lady friend that she would not agree to marry me, and I apologized. It does not seem to me that I have done anything for which I ought to apologize, but, as I love her, and am anxious to make up this quarrel, I leave the whole matter to your judgment."



"And he has written to you?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Dreadful!" ejaculated Aunt Jerry.  
 "When did you receive the letter from the scoundrel?" demanded Mr. Challoner.  
 "Yesterday."  
 "Oh, you viper! Where is the letter? Give it to me instantly."  
 "I can not," was the low reply.  
 "Can not? Why, can't you, I'd like to know! Hand it over, mister, miss, or whatever you are."  
 "I have destroyed it."  
 The exasperated old man gave a snort of dismay.  
 "Oh, you expected to be found out, did you, miss, and that way to secure yourself? I never heard of such misdoings, such duplicity."  
 "Never!" echoed Aunt Jerry, who always made it a point to agree with Mr. Challoner.  
 "You may tell me the purport of that letter, miss."

This demand caused Dolores to start up suddenly, and recede toward the door, her hands clasped tightly together again, her cheeks pallid with fear. The letter had really made an appointment for a meeting to take place that very evening, and she was couched in such language that the poor girl had not dared disregard it.

"Do not ask me," she implored, "I can not tell you. Indeed I can not."  
 "Do you mean to say that you will not?"  
 Dolores was silent.

"I am not to be trifled with," stormed the angry man. "You've tried me once too often. Follow, if you dare, the footsteps of your misguided mother! I'll cut you off with a shilling! I'll drive you from my door! I'll leave you to slave or rot in the poor-house! That's what I'll do!"

"And you will be serving her right," put in Aunt Jerry.

Poor Dolores answered nothing. She continued to recede toward the door, a pale look of pleading on her face; and suddenly, with a half-suppressed shriek of anguish, as if the scene had grown insupportable, rushed out.

Mr. Challoner sat down, gasping for breath. He felt deeply, terribly, earnestly, as he looked at the unexpecting to think that his beautiful grand-daughter, of whom he had been so proud, had set her affections upon one so unworthy, as he deemed Vincent Erie.

"It shall never be," he cried; "Dolores shall not throw herself away. One disgrace of that sort is enough in a family."  
 To hide his agitation, he now took up the second letter, which had been lying neglected on the salver, and tore it open. Instead of pacifying him, however, this misadventure threw him into a greater rage, if possible, than the first.

It was from a Jew broker of New York, who wrote to demand immediate payment of a debt of three thousand dollars which, the writer claimed, Mr. Challoner's grandson, Raymond, had contracted.

The old gentleman could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes. He rubbed them, looked again, and at last the storm broke out. If Raymond had been borrowing money of those rascally Jews, he might get clear of their clutches as best he could. Three thousand dollars! How, in the name of all that is wonderful, had the rascal managed to squander such a sum!

"He shall reap as he has sown," roared the choleric old gentleman. "I'll disinheritor both him and Dolores. And may I be shot if I ever so long as I live, take another ungrateful brat to bring up."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### GROUPING IN THE DARK.

"Oh, treacherous night! Thou lend'st thy ready veil to every treason. And teeming mischiefs thrive beneath thy shade."—RITA'S ZARA.

The day had been dark and lowering, and night, as it closed in, brought no change in the weather. The rain fell in copious showers, slackening ever and anon, only to rally its wasted powers for a second deluge.

Aunt Jerry's room was in the same wing with the chamber occupied by Dolores. The amiable spinster retired about ten o'clock, and had fallen into what she termed her "beauty sleep" when the rattling of gravel against the window of the adjoining room rudely awakened her.

She started upright, giving her night-cap a vicious twitch.  
 "La, bless me! What's that?" was her mental ejaculation.

The sound came again—unmistakably the rattling of gravel as it struck in sharp contact with the glass. Immediately afterward there was a rustling in Dolores's room, and Aunt Jerry heard the door softly open and close, and stealthy footsteps gliding down the corridor.

Thought is quick, and the spinster's suspicions took a definite turn instantly.  
 "I see, I see!" she muttered, nodding her head. "It's that audacious girl stealing out to meet her lover. Oh, how can she be so forward! But it is my duty to put a stop to this sort of thing, and I'll do it, too."

Springing out of bed, Aunt Jerry hastily thrust her feet into the slippers that stood primly side by side, next to the wall. Then she threw on a flannel petticoat, and drew a shawl round her shoulders.

It was of no use trying to make a grand toilet, if Dolores was to be caught, she decided. The girl would get completely beyond her reach.

She went stalking down-stairs, and was just in time to catch a glimpse of a white-robed figure as it flitted through the low window at the end of the hall, and turned into a path leading to a small pavilion at some distance from the house.

"Oh, that's where Dolores meets that precious scamp, is it?" breathed the shocked spinster. "They imagine themselves perfectly safe in the pavilion, I suppose. How scandalous! My dear Egbert must be told of this, that he may exert his authority to prevent such audacious proceedings in future."

Aunt Jerry quite lost sight of her peculiar costume in the sudden zeal she felt to put Mr. Challoner on the track of the culprits. Proceeding to his room, which was on the ground floor, she knocked long and loudly.

"Who's there?" said a gruff voice, at length.  
 "It's me—Jerusha."  
 "What do you want?"

"Come right out," said Aunt Jerry, in an eager voice. "Dolores is in the garden, and that scamp! I saw her steal forth to meet him not five minutes ago."  
 "Meet whom?"  
 "Vincent Erie."

Mr. Challoner was out of bed in an instant, and at the door, his yellow night-cap quite noticeable as he thrust out his head; for a dim light was always kept burning in this corridor. Aunt Jerry was reminded all at once of her own head-gear, and, snatching it off, threw it behind her, at the same time giving her false front a twitch into its proper place.

"Where do you say the idiots are?" Mr. Challoner demanded, hoarse with excitement.  
 "In the pavilion."  
 "Wait a minute. We will go down and surprise them. Oh, the villain! the abominable villain! I'll have him arrested for trespass! I'll put a bullet through his heart. I'll—I'll—"

Unable, for very rage, to utter another word, the choleric old man shut the door, and proceeded to dress himself with all possible dispatch. In three minutes' time he was ready to join Aunt Jerry in the corridor.

"Come," he said, his tone not loud, but deep, as he dropped one hand firmly on the spinster's arm. "They crept silently through the window. The rain had ceased for a moment, but the night was dark—so dark that objects could not be distinguished at the distance of half a dozen yards. The damp wind blew in their faces, and every tree, shrub and blade of grass was dripping with moisture; indeed the very ground seemed soaked and overflowing with it."

They had not proceeded far before Aunt Jerry's flannel petticoat began flapping against her heels in a manner not altogether pleasant, for it seemed to have gathered up every particle of

moisture from the path along which they had come. Suddenly she uttered a half-suppressed scream, and stood stock-still.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Challoner impatiently demanded.  
 "I've lost one of my slippers."  
 "Lost it?"  
 "Yes. It is stuck fast in the mud."

"Never mind. You had better come on. It's of no use searching for the slipper in this infernal gloom."

They proceeded. They were not a dozen steps further on the way, however, when a second cry issued from Aunt Jerry's lips.

"Money on me! There goes the other."  
 "Hang it all," cried the exasperated old man, "why can't you wear slippers that fit your feet, or else stuff 'em with cotton? We can't be wasting time here."

Poor Aunt Jerry might have told him that the slippers were all right, only she hadn't taken time to draw on her stockings, before putting them on; but it seemed scarcely modest to enter into an explanation of that nature, and she remained silent.

So they started again, and Aunt Jerry's feet "beneath her petticoat, like little mice, peeped in and out."

as they went stumbling and plunging along the uneven ground—for somehow they had wandered from the path, and could not find it again. Once they plunged into a thorn-bush, and it took some minutes to extricate themselves.

Mr. Challoner uttered anathemas, and the poor spinster, as she rubbed her smarting feet, heartily wished herself back in her own room, and the offending Dolores in, well, in Africa!

Their trials were by no means over. Aunt Jerry had stepped a few paces in advance of her companion, and was hurrying on more rapidly than at any previous time, when suddenly the solid ground seemed to give way under her feet, and she fell down, down, down, plunging up to her knees in an accumulated mass of mud and water.

"Mercy on me!" she gasped. "I might as well knock my brains out and done with it."  
 "It would take precious little knocking to do that."

"Oh, ugh!" shivered the wretched lady.  
 "What have I tumbled into now?"  
 "It must be the pit I ordered Sambo to dig that some of the refuse might be buried in it."

"Oh dear, oh dear! I wish I had never come."  
 "Don't be a fool!" snapped Mr. Challoner. "Here, give me your hand, and I'll help you out."

This was easier said than done; but after a deal of pulling, scrambling and splashing, Aunt Jerry stood on her feet, and the old gentleman, thank fortune it is too dark for anybody to see the dreadful plight I'm in," thought the poor lady, only too vividly conscious of her mud-incased feet and dripping garments.

At this moment a few pattering drops of rain gave warning of another shower. Mr. Challoner became desperate. Grasping Aunt Jerry's hand, he pushed his way recklessly through the shrubbery and reached the pavilion steps at length, quite out of breath, and blowing like a popgun.

The rain was pouring in torrents when the disconsolate couple dashed into the friendly shelter thus afforded. Shaking the water from his garments, Mr. Challoner looked round the dusky little room, and began to swear. Not a living soul, save the two who were in the place, or had been, so far as he could discover!

"Idiot! how dared you bring me here, on a tempestuous errand, like this?" he yelled, turning upon Aunt Jerry and shaking her till her false teeth rattled. "Oh, you'll be the death of me."

"Ah!—ugh!—oh!" groaned the thoroughly-disgusted spinster. "I know they are somewhere in the grounds. We've come to the wrong place, that's all."

"And I should think it was enough,"  
 Fuming, fretful, fierce and furious, Mr. Challoner paced the floor of the pavilion, while poor Aunt Jerry crouched in one corner, her teeth chattering with cold and misery. It was bad enough, of itself, to be caught in such a plight, but "dear Egbert's" reproaches seemed the unkindest cut of all.

The rain lasted but a short time; Mr. Challoner and Aunt Jerry emerged from the pavilion as soon as it was over, and slowly and solemnly wended their way back to the house.

Two dusky figures stood in the shadow of the veranda; but they separated hastily at the sound of footsteps, one of them darting into the gloomy recesses of the garden, the other vanishing through the open window.

Mr. Challoner swore, and Aunt Jerry groaned in spirit. But they were too wet, chilled and miserable for any action more decisive, and the culprits escaped.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 408.)

## The King's Dwarf.

BY C. D. CLARK.

JUST without the walls of Camelot, upon a little patch of green, Modred, brother of the king, was pacing up and down in angry mood.

No two natures could be more in contrast than those of Arthur and Modred. One frank, fair and noble, having only the good of his country at heart; the other, full of dark projects, selfish and crafty. Deep in his heart's core lurked a deadly hate of his kingly brother, because he was noble, good and true, and had not a thought of baseness. He hated all things good and true, and most of all he hated Lancelot, the mirror of knightlyhood, the man whose heart did not know the name of fear; and who all loved Lancelot, and few they were who did not, were the enemies of Modred.

The prince was clothed in green, just as he had come from the chase. Indeed, no other costume would have shown so readily his misshapen shoulder; for, like to King Richard Third, in after days, Modred was slightly deformed. It was this which made him waspish and sulky, for it seemed to him that all men mocked at his deformity, and the evil smile upon his face deepened as he shrugged the deformed shoulder. As he stood there, he heard a rustle of leaves, and a short sturdy form came past an angle of the wall, advancing rapidly toward him. A queer fellow it was, the body of a man, the head of a lawyer, and the lower limbs of a child. The height of the manikin could not have been more than three feet, and at least two-thirds of the height was in the body, head and neck. It was the king's dwarf, Dagobert, a man known far and near for his quips and saws, a rare jester. For, if his body lacked in grace, at least he had brains.

"Ha, dwarf," said Modred, angrily, "do you come to spy upon me?"

"Not I, worthy brother," was the reply. "I go on my own business. Fair prince, you and I are brothers in one thing at least—we have brains, and brains are at a discount in this mad world of ours."

"Go your way, knave!" was the retort. "I know thee for what thou art, thou misformed lump."

Dagobert, annoyed by the thrust at his deformity, replied, sharply:  
 "Faith, good prince, the hand which bestowed knightlyhood upon thee was somewhat heavy; it has driven thy shoulder out of place."

The prince replied by a buffet which sent the dwarf rolling on the sod. He rose laughing, but there was a peculiar gleam in his eyes which showed that he would not forget.

"This a striking argument, prince," he said. "Well, well, I shall remember it, in the time to come."

He turned upon his heel and plunged into a little thicket which bordered the plain, and was lost to sight. Scarcely was he gone when a lady, in hunting green came sweeping toward the city, guiding her palfrey with a skillful hand; a woman gloriously beautiful, but the beauty of the lost. Her golden hair, rolling to the saddle, shrouded her body like a mantle. Her complexion was dazzling in its purity, and the thin lips, just parted by her breath, showed teeth of pearls, white as the Lady of the Lake, second only to Merlin in magic power; and the only woman upon earth who could sway that wise man to her will.

"Lady Viviane!" cried Modred, laying his hand upon her bridle. "Stay! I have something for your ear."

"Not for mine, prince," she returned, laughing. "Thy looks have been lately bent on none save Elaine."

"An' if it be so, fair lady, what care you? Is not the maid a sister in your path? Would it not please you if she were away, that you might try your power once more upon the stubborn heart of Lancelot? See, I am magician enough to know this much, that, while you love Merlin with your head, you love Lancelot with your heart."

"Let us say so," responded Viviane, a deep flush coming into her cheek. "What of that, Sir Modred?"

"Help me, and I will help you. Give me Elaine, which I adore, and I will do my best to bend Lancelot to your will."

"If I cannot win by my own strength I do not care to win. But her face irks me, Modred. When I look at her and see her slowly dying for the love of Lancelot, it seems to me it would be grace to give her to one who would hold her by the strong hand. I will aid you to seize her, and once in your strong castle in the North it will go hard but you can bend her to your will. Hark you; have you men near at hand whom you can trust?"

"Yes."

"Get them quickly, and go up the river to the house of Erle, the swineherd. There you will find her, for she wears of the ride home, and asked permission to rest there. Seize her and make away with her, and never let me hear the name of this piece of prudery again except she be your wife. Where are your men?"

"At my palace; I will get them in a short space. Half an hour later Elaine must be in their hands, and on her way to the North, for I must not appear in this."

He turned and walked rapidly by her side, and entered the city. Half an hour later a party of men rode out at a rapid pace and took the road up the stream. Outside the cottage of Erle, the swineherd, upon a rustic bench, sat the beautiful Elaine, brooding, as ever, upon her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain. For her love for Lancelot, and his cold disdain.

## THE CARRIER-BOYS' DINNER.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

I'm a carrier-boy on the Times, you know. Been at the business four years or so. Mighty hard work for mighty small pay. But a feller's an appetite 'most every day. An' he's got to eat, an' he's got to wear."

"Sutlin' or other. But I declare, seemed to me, O, his man, we'd starve for good, an' freeze, for we hadn't a stick o' wood. There I was, flat on my back, you see, moosies, they said, had got holt o' me, an' I'd been swallowin' ginger-tea. An' this thing an' that thing, five or six days, an' couldn't get out to make a raise."

"Mother, she sowed for the shops, an' tried to take care o' me an' herself beside. But, Lord, with her rumatiz, what could she do? Tell ye what, pardner, it made me feel blue, seemin' her worry, an' plan, an' fuss. To keep us in vittals, an' bein' nuss. When I know'd she'd order be settin' still, 'stead o' waitin' on me, I tell ye, Bill, there's no institution I ever see."

"Quite up to mothers. That's my ideal!"  
 "We'll come through it some way," sez mother, sez she.

"The Lord will take care o' you, Tommy, an' me. I've finished that sewin', an' that'll buy bread fer to-morrow an' nex' day. We shan't starve," she said.

I began to get better, an' soon's I could stir I was bound to go out with the papers, but, sir, she wouldn't hear o' it. Sez she, 'You keep still, or you'll be down ag'in.' Tell ye what, Bill, comes mighty tough, when your legs seem to be 'bout 'bout out as a baby's legs. 'Rest up,' sez she."

"You'll work all the better for't, when you git to goin'." I can't hev ye sick ag'in playin' smash with my sowing."

An' when she'd say that, so cheerful an' chipper, I'd put on my hat, an' make tracks fer the dipper. Seem'd 's if of a good cracker kep' me from chokin', but, tell ye, it cut me, Bill. That ain't no joke."

The day afore New Year's her rumatiz come back, an' I had to be a-cryin' when I peeked through a crack. Fer we'd nothin' to eat, an' I knew she had spent, The evenin' afore, her very last cent.

Bymyself she went out 'bout sayin' a word, an', 's 's the stairs, creakin' couldn't be heard. I pulled on my boots, an' I grabbed my old hat, an', all in a tremble, I h' out o' that."

I felt weak as a baby when I got to the street, but I made up my mind I'd hev suthin' to eat. I hadn't gone more than a block an' a ha' when my legs kinder crinkled—now, Bill, don't ye laugh—

But I thought I was dyin', and cried like a baby. If you'd been in my boots, you'd 'a' done the same, mebbe. I wilted right down, all at once, just as weak! An' when some one spoke to me, I tried to speak, but I couldn't. 'Hey, Tommy, I say, here's a glass o' gin."

An' Blinks, of the Pews—he's another, you know—got holt, an' he gave me a h'ist to my feet. 'Lord, you look like a feller with nothin' to eat,' sez he, stompin' round, makin' everything clatter. To git myself warm. Sez I, 'That's what's the matter.'

Wall, Blinks got me home afore mother got round, an' he bought a big loaf, an' as much as a pound o' sassafras. Lord! How good they did smell! I was starvin' me, an' it made me 'most eat. 'Don't you go out ag'in for a week, Tom,' sez he, but I didn't take stock in that, 'cause why, you see, when a feller's 'most starvin' there's suthin' to do."

An' he can't lay round loafin', jest 'cause he feels blue. When mother come back she was pale as a sheet. 'Set up to me the table—hev suthin' to eat,' sez I, fer I knew she was hungry an' faint, an' completely discouraged. 'I'm in luck, if you ain't!'"

"Did the

Not exactly caring to encounter the mate, he went below, into the sailors' quarters, where he occupied himself in a voyage of discovery of the ship's interior.

Meanwhile Phil, as we have seen, had slipped stealthily aboard the vessel, and introduced himself into the cabin while Dick was attracted by the attention of all on board.

It was a dangerous position for the boy to be in, and he looked around for some place of concealment in case of being suddenly intruded upon.

The cabin of the Stronbow formed a room of considerable size, and rather plainly furnished, a table, a few chairs, and a lounge, being the principal articles.

There were a couple of state-rooms on each side. Two of these stood partly open, forming the bedrooms of the captain and mate. The other two were locked.

Phil next tried the door in the forward part of the cabin, leading to the room in which he had been confined. It was only closed by a bolt on the cabin side, and he quickly opened it, and entered his old prison.

The apartment was a contracted one, and very faintly lighted by a dim illumination coming from the forward part of the vessel.

He had more than half expected to find Alice confined here, and it was with a feeling of disappointment that he found the room empty.

Where in blazes have they got her, then? he muttered. "I don't know any other place 'cept it's one of them state-rooms. Here's a door leading forward. Maybe I'd best explore."

The room formed a sort of lumber-closet for the cabin, and Phil stumbled, in the faint light, over various articles, as he sought the door which his quick eyes had made out.

It proved to be, like the other, fastened only on his side. In a moment he had it open and was gazing forward into the vessel.

It was a dim profundity into which he looked. The cargo had been removed from this part of the 'ween-decks, the hatches fastened down. Its only light came through a grating in the bulkhead forward, and lost itself in the center of the wide concavity, failing to penetrate the dark sides.

"That's all right," thought Phil, stepping boldly forward. "Dunno what this bucket of water is left 'round here for, 'cept they want to gub a feller a foot-bath.—Hello! here's a hole and a ladder. Guess I'll take a look further down."

The ladder led down to a lower hold, which lay in almost complete darkness, the light which came down with Phil hardly revealing the spot on which he stood. All else was profound gloom, except where, in what appeared an interminable distance forward, a faint beam of light struggled through what appeared to be a closed hatchway.

"Well, if it ain't dark enough to cut here, I'll sell out," muttered Phil, venturing some steps forward in the darkness.

There was no obstruction. This hold, too, had formed part of the stowage capacity of the ship, and was now empty.

Satisfied with his explorations so far, and growing anxious about the main object of his adventure, Phil made the best of his way back, reaching the small apartment adjoining the cabin.

Before venturing further he looked warily through a minute opening in the door. His quick ear caught, at the same moment, a step on the cabin stairs.

It was Captain Monroe, who now paused in the center of the cabin, his small, fox-like face peering warily around. Phil could see that he was nervous over something.

An idea occurred to the boy. Going cautiously back to where he had seen the bucket of water, he dipped his head into it as deeply as the bucket would admit. He came up streaming like a mermaid with salt water.

"Now for it," muttered Phil, in a choking voice.

When he again reached his point of view, he found Captain Monroe in the act of unlocking one of the state-room doors.

"That's where he keeps Miss Alice," thought Phil. "Now for to give him a header."

The captain was on the point of looking into the room whose door he had partly opened, when he was startled by an odd noise behind him.

He turned quickly to behold, with starting eyes, a small head protruding from the lumber-room into the cabin, a head dripping with water, the hair hanging in soaked masses about the face that seemed to ooze water. He knew the face to be that of the boy whose helpless form he had flung into the river.

"I've been drowned!" muttered Phil, in sepulchral tones.

The captain's face grew white as he gazed at this apparition, his superstitious soul full of dread.

"I've been drowned!" repeated Phil, in tones that seemed drawn from as far down as his toes.

It was too much for the guilty nature of the captain. With a suppressed cry of dread he ran for the companionway, and dashed up the stairs as if in fear of being carried bodily to the lower regions.

With a laugh of triumph at his success, Phil hastily entered the cabin. The door of the state-room stood ajar, and he lost no time in flinging it wide open.

It was as he had hoped. There lay, reclining on a short lounge, the form of Alice Homer, her eyes staring oddly at the intruder.

She seemed to be just recovering from the effects of the narcotic, and to be in a stupefied condition.

There was no time to be lost. Phil caught her rudely by the arm, crying:

"Come, Miss Alice! Get up instantly! Your life's in danger here!"

Stirred by his energetic appeal, she tried to obey, and raised herself to her feet, but by his vigorous aid. She tottered, though, like a drunken person, and seemed not to understand where she was nor what was expected of her.

Half leading and half dragging, Phil hurried her out of the room, the door of which he locked and appropriated the key.

"This way! Quick as lightning!" he exclaimed, impelling her forward.

She yielded involuntarily, like one walking in a dream. In a minute Phil had her through the lumber-room and into the hold beyond.

Leaving her there, he returned to close the doors he had left open behind him.

At that moment he heard the heavy step of the mate descending into the cabin, and his harsh voice muttering:

"Ghosts be blowed! There's a screw loose in Cap Monroe's brains."

## CHAPTER XXI.

## RATS IN A TRAP.

THERE was no time to be lost. The mate was of different caliber from the captain, and would be more likely to discharge a chair at Phil's soaking head than to run from him.

"I don't see any signs of it," growled the mate, taking a key from his own pocket and applying it to the lock.

Phil hastened from the door at which he had been listening, and hurried back to where he had left his charge.

"There'll be something hot to pay soon," he said. "Won't take him long to find that the other door's unbolted."

There came a subdued roar from the cabin. The mate had just discovered that his bird had flown; the state-room was empty!

"Come, Miss Alice," Phil energetically exclaimed. "These are dangerous quarters. We must be getting."

Her previous hasty movement had partly recalled her flowing senses, and she yielded to Phil with better command of her nerves.

He led her to the hatchway, opening to the lower hold, and aided her, with some difficulty, down the narrow ladder.

"Here we are now," said Phil cheerily, "in darkness as thick as fog. And it won't be five minutes afore we're joined. Feel better, Miss Alice?"

"My head is very thick and confused," she hesitatingly replied. "Where are we?"

"Away down in the second story cellar of the Stronbow. Know who I am?"

"No," she uneasily answered.

"Thought you didn't," responded Phil, with a slight laugh. "I'm Phil Hardy. I'm the chap that took you out of the water once, and that's a goin' to take you out of the fire, now."

"Oh, yes; I remember you," she replied dubiously. It was evident that her faculties had not fully returned.

"Wait here a minute," cried Phil.

He dashed up the ladder to the deck above. In a minute he returned with the half-empty bucket.

"Here! Dash some of this in your face," he ordered. "It'll wash the cobwebs out of your brain quicker'n any thing I know of."

Phil held up the bucket while she mechanically obeyed him, giving her face a plentiful ablution in the cold water.

It had the effect he anticipated. Her consciousness returned more fully, and she looked around her with a clearer idea of the situation.

"Towels ain't handy," explained Phil. "But it's only water. It'll dry off."

He carefully placed the bucket at the foot of the ladder, while she partially dried her face with her handkerchief.

"Here they come!" Phil cautiously remarked, his quick hearing catching a footstep on the deck above. "We've got to be movin'."

Taking her hand he led her through the gloom toward the light which so faintly illuminated the hold.

It was a forward hatchway, closed with grating, through whose openings the light came down.

Phil ran hastily up the ladder which led to it, and tried to push it aside. His attempt was vain; it was fastened above.

At the same moment a gleam of light shone from the other hatchway, and they saw the sturdy figure of the mate descending. Open!

"If we ain't rats in a trap, then there's no pumpkins," muttered Phil, looking doubtfully around. "Wonder if Dick's aboard? I'll gub him a call, anyhow."

With his lips to the grating Phil whistled, repeating it three times in quick succession.

It was answered in an unexpected way, by the sudden extinguishment of the light aft, and by a fierce curse from the lips of the mate. Phil at once divined the cause. He clasped his hands on his knees in delight.

"If he ain't stepped, sell me out. Wish I only had another bucket full! I'd gub him a shower-bath, sure."

"What shall we do, Phil?" asked Alice, anxiously, as she heard her focussing as he ascended the ladder again.

"Wish I only knowed," answered Phil. "I'm despr'at afore we're in a trap. If Dick was only about now."

His words were answered by a repetition of his signal, from the deck above the grating.

"Hello! that's clever," cried Phil, quickly ascending the ladder. It came from a dark lantern, which threw but a narrow line of light, leaving the remainder of the hold in deeper gloom than ever.

The bearer stood on the deck, slowly turning, and throwing the sharp beam of light successively over every point of the hold.

"What shall we do?" asked Alice, shrinking instinctively from the coming gleam.

"Wish Dick would hurry up," was Phil's answer. "We'll be seen sure, afore he gits it open."

The revolving light came nearer and nearer in its progress round the circle of the hold.

"Mought keep ahead of it if it weren't fur bein' heard," muttered Phil. "Hail come this way, Miss Alice!"

He had just caught a glimpse of a possible covert. Taking her hand he led her quickly but noiselessly to the side of the ship, where lay a heap of old cable.

Crouching down behind this, they were covered from sight of the mate. In a minute more the light passed slowly over them, its intense gleam revealing every portion of that section of the hold, but throwing the space in which they crouched into deeper darkness.

It moved over their heads and slowly traversed aft along the deck. The two fugitives emerged from their concealment and approached the ladder. At the same instant a sliding sound was heard, and the grating moved quickly back, Dick's head appearing at the opening.

"Up the ladder, Miss Alice! Quick as lightning! It's your only chance!" cried Dick, in excited tones.

The noise had attracted the attention of the mate. He threw the light of the lantern upon the fugitives. They stood, too, in a circle of daylight entering at the open hatch.

The foot of Alice was already upon the ladder. The mate dropped his lantern and ran hastily toward them, with a fierce imprecation.

"Quick!" cried Phil, excitedly, lending Alice his assistance. "Give her your hand, Dick!"

Dick obeyed, and the trembling fugitive was rapidly drawn up the steps.

Phil was about to run up the ladder with the nimbleness of a squirrel, when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and turned to look in a pair of revengeful eyes.

"Shoot the hatch," he shouted. "Thunder! broke loose here!"

Dick at once obeyed. The hatch slid to its place. The devoted lad was left in the power of his furious foe.

(To be continued—continued in No. 405.)

## Gold Dan:

OR,

The White Savages of the Great Salt Lake.

A TERRIBLE TALE OF THE DANITES OF MORMON LAND.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "VELVET HAND," "INJUN DICK,"  
"OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON,"  
"WITCHES OF NEW YORK,"  
"BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## THE BATTLE.

"A FLAG OF truce!" muttered Clark; "what do they want to say, anyway?"

"Shall I plug him, Cap?" asked the nearest Danite, a stout fellow on the right of the line, armed with a rifle.

"Oh, no; let's hear what they want."

And Clark rode forward to meet the flag. The bearer was well known to the Danites, by sight. Ben Smith he was called, a boss-teamsman, and reputed to be as good a man of his inches as there was west of the Missouri, despite his age.

"I'm sorry that I've come on rather unpleasant business, Mr. Clark," he said, bluntly.

"Yes," replied the Danite, shortly.

"We want you to surrender to us and go back to Corinne and stand your trial for the killing of the old man."

"Oh, you want to try me?"

"Yes."

"Who, pray? I wasn't aware that you had any law courts in Corinne?"

"Judge Lynch answered your turn the other night, and you hadn't oughter object to the judge, now that your time has come to face the music."

"Judge Lynch is to try me, eh?"

"Yes, Oh, you'll have a good, fair trial; we guarantee that, and if you prove that the old fellow did commit those murders, of course the verdict will be not guilty."

"And if I don't prove it?"

"Well, I reckon in that case that we'll hang you, Mr. Clark, as an example."

"I'm very much obliged to you indeed," the Danite said, with that grim sort of humor which was so peculiar to him, "but I reckon that I won't come to Corinne to stand any trial just now; I'm pretty comfortable where I am; thanking you all the same for your kindness."

"Well, Mr. Clark, we shall have to try to take you!" Smith announced, with significant earnestness.

"You don't mean it?"

"Oh, yes we do!"

"Why, I've got ten more men than you have, and my dogs, too, fight with halteres around their necks."

"I reckon that we are the better armed, and kin pop you off at long range, if you really force us to fight you."

"That remains to be seen," Clark retorted, carelessly. "But, as for my forcing a leg on you, why the boot is on the other leg. Go your way; the prairie is wide."

"Clark, we've come for you, and we're going to have you if it takes every man in our outfit!" the Corinne man averred, decidedly.

"Oh, that's your talk, is it?" the Danite answered, insolently. "Now, listen to me: I'll give you just five minutes to get back to your line with that flag of truce, and then I'll charge, and after we get through with you, I reckon that there won't be many of you chaps able to go home to Corinne and tell your town how you hunted for John Clark on the prairie, and found him."

"That's your game?"

"Yes, and you'll find that I will play it for all my hand is worth."

The flag-of-truce bearer turned and rode rapidly back to where the Gentiles were in line.

"Look out, boys! It's fight!" he cried, as he rode up, "and they'll be down upon us in a brace of shakes!"

Quickly Gold Dan gave the command for action.

"Let every man take the fellow that is opposite to him, and don't fire until you are sure of your mark!"

And then, as the borderer ranged his eyes over the line of the foe, he detected the Texan in the opposing ranks, and also caught sight of the drooping, boyish figure, sitting so statue-like in the saddle, on the prairie beyond.

For a moment the stout and hardy adventurer—the man whose life had been one constant succession of perils—almost reeled in the saddle.

"Oh, I recognize them, now!" he muttered, the words escaping from lips strangely white. "I have been blind that I did not recognize him before, but *her* I have not seen. Now I understand why such bitter attacks upon my life have been made, and who is the guardian angel that strove so earnestly to warn me of the peril that threatened me; I understand all, now. The chase is up at last; I have hunted them down, but will I win or lose?"

Small time had the plainsman for reflection, for as the Danite had said, within five minutes he gave the command to advance, and like a flock of hungry hawks swooping down upon their prey, the Danites dashed over the prairie at topmost speed toward their foes.

Clark had calculated, with a single bold charge, to break the ranks of the borderers, for he did not believe that they would stand to encounter the onsets.

But, as we have said, the Gentiles were all picked men, excellent rifle-shots, and nearly all of them were either scouts or teamsters used to frontier warfare.

"Steady, men; steady!" Dan cautioned, as the Danites, with wild cries, came dashing on. "Pick your men, and don't waste a shot!"

Little need of the caution, for each and every man of the outfit was fully prepared.

When the charging line got within about six hundred yards, they commenced to open fire, but the distance was too great, and the volley whistled harmlessly over the heads of the Gentiles; but when the Mormons got inside of four hundred yards, then all along the Gentile ranks burst forth a sheet of flame.

Terrible was the effect of the well-directed fire.

Ten men were down, either killed outright or else badly wounded, and some five more, though not unhurt, yet had received quick, sufficient taste of Gentile lead to last them for many a charge.

"Charge, boys! Give it to 'em!" cried Gold Dan, at the top of his lungs, perceiving that the decisive moment had arrived.

The Gentiles yelled and charged, revolvers in hand.

Disarrayed at their bloody reception, and struck with terror by the heavy loss that they had sustained, the Danites broke and fled in great confusion.

In vain did John Clark, who by a miracle almost had escaped serious injury, although bleeding from two wounds, attempt to rally them.

The ruffians had received too great a shock, and the Danite chief, perceiving that it was useless to attempt to turn the fortunes of the day, reluctantly put spurs to his horse and fled with the rest, and as the Danites were better mounted than the borderers, who had been obliged to pick up what steeds they could, easily succeeded in making good their escape.

The Gentiles pursued the ruffians until they lost them in the wooded defiles beyond the plain, and then, perforce, gave up the chase.

But, the victory was complete; never before, in all the annals of Utah, had the Danites received such a terrible beating, and gloomy and full of wrath indeed were the Destroying Angels when they straggled into their camp on Antelope Island, one by one, a few hours afterward, and realized that by a single blow they had lost one-third of their band.

And the Danite chief, too, was missing. At first it was believed that he had fallen at the murderous discharge; but then, when some recalled the fact that he had endeavored to rally the panic-stricken line, and others told how they had noticed the blood streaming down his deer-skin garb, it was generally concluded that in some lonely defile the stern chief of the White Savages had succumbed to his wounds, and found an unknown grave.

John Clark never joined the Danite band again, nor was he ever seen by any of them.

The Mormon leaders, when informed of the disaster that had befallen their chosen band, "the Swords of Gideon," and of the absence of Clark, caused careful search to be made for him.

His den in the mountains was visited, but the hand of the destroyer had been there also. Gunpowder and fire had done their work; the

rude hut had been destroyed; naught but ashes remained; the roof of the little cave had been blown up with gunpowder, and a most desolate picture it presented.

To the Mormon mind it was plain that the Gentiles, flushed with victory, had pursued the Duke of Corinne to his retreat in the mountains, and there settled in full the score of hate.

And the Mormons lamented the loss of stern John Clark, for no such man as he did they ever find again.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## HUNTED DOWN AT LAST.

THE pursuit ended, the victorious Gentiles returned to view the field whereon the fight had been won so easily; eager, too, if possible, to relieve the suffering of the wounded men.

The Gentiles had come out of the fight almost without a scratch.

And Dan, who in the excitement of the fight had lost sight of the two Texans, now proceeded to search for them. He had not far to look.

Stretched upon the ground, just where he had fallen, right in the front of the charge, was the Texan; a well-aimed rifle-ball had settled his account with this world, but life still lingered within the stubborn frame, although it was quite plain that the man had not long to live.

Over him bent the slender form, dressed in male attire, but evidently a woman, the one whom he had designated as his brother.

Great tears were streaming from her big, black eyes, and in the soft Spanish tongue she called aloud upon all the saints in Heaven to spare her brother.

But what came stern fate for a woman's prayers or a woman's tears?

The bullet of the frontiersman had done its deadly work only too well, and the time of the stricken man on earth must be measured by minutes, not by hours.

The Texan was perfectly conscious, and was gazing with dull eyes upon the face of the grief-tortured girl, when Gold Dan came up to the group.

Hastily the plainsman dismounted from his steed, and advanced toward the two.

An expression of bitter, impotent hatred came over the face of the stricken man, as his eyes fell upon the one whom he had tried so hard to kill, but who had so wonderfully escaped the several dangers.

And now, face to face, each recognized the other.

The adventurer knew the brother and sister to be Fernando and Blanche, del Colma, and they knew him for Richard Velvet, or Velvet Hand.

Six months before the time of which we write, in Cinnabar City, far up North, under the shadow of great Shasta's peak of eternal snow, Richard Velvet and the quietly Blanche were to have been married; but, only a month before the day set for the wedding, both the brother and sister had mysteriously disappeared.

Velvet Hand had searched high and low, and at last getting a clew, had followed them to Utah.

On the way thither he had come across the body of the erst Gold Dan, killed in an Indian fight; the savages had been driven off by a timely arrival of troops, before they had a chance to strip or mutilate the body.

As Velvet Hand looked upon the slain man, he noticed that he bore quite a resemblance to himself; an idea flashed upon him; by assuming to be Gold Dan he would be enabled to search for the fugitives without exciting Del Colma's suspicions, for of course the brother would be on the watch for Velvet Hand, not for an unknown like Gold Dan.

"You have hunted us down at last," the brother said, speaking slowly and with great difficulty.

"I have, for I wished to assure myself that Blanche went with you of her own free will, and under no compulsion."

"And if that is the truth?" Del Colma, asked.

"I am content, and will not complain," Velvet Hand answered, firmly. "It is her right to choose."

"You went with me of your own free will, Blanche, eh?" the brother asked, turning his glassy eyes upon the face of the girl.

"Yes, of my own free will," she answered, slowly, not daring to trust her eyes to rest upon the face of the man she had so cruelly wronged.

"And yet she loves you better than she does her own life," the brother observed, a mocking smile creeping over his face.

"I do not understand the riddle," Velvet Hand said, simply.

"It is easily explained," Del Colma answered. "My mother, on her death-bed, made her swear that she would never leave me while I needed her care. For the last year my brain has been affected. I have been mad at times; I am mad whenever I come in contact with you—frantic with the desire to kill you. She knew this, and to save your life she was willing to go with me wherever I went. Now the mystery is out, and you know why she forsook you."

For a moment the now fast-dying man paused to take breath, then again he proceeded.

"But that is all ended, now. Within a very few minutes my account with this world will be closed, and then she will be free—she will be young; death alone gives her to you, for with life I never would yield her. Blanche—my sister—kiss me for the last time before you go to this man I hate!"

Terrible was the tone in which Del Colma uttered the words. Even with the chilly clutch of Death's dark angel upon him, he did not relent.

The weeping girl—now only a mere wreck of what she had been only a few short months before, when, in Cinnabar City, she had won the fancy of iron-hearted Velvet Hand, the Dick Talbot of other days bent over the stricken man and pressed a kiss upon his lips, and then, even as the carcase was given, there was a quick, sharp report, a moan of pain came from the girl's lips, and she fell heavily upon the wounded man, the shock crushing the frail life from his body; and he died, too, with a mocking smile upon his thin lips.

His last act had been to tear the heart of the man he hated. A small pocket pistol he had held concealed in his hand, and when the girl had bent over him he had placed it against her heart and fired; death had ensued from the wound almost instantly.

For a moment Talbot gazed upon the fearful sight, his senses reeling, and then flying like a madman to his horse, he leaped upon the animal's back, and spurred away at topmost speed.

"All that love me are doomed to die!" he cried, in agony. "Bernice, my first love, is the only one that has ever escaped. Am I, then, fatal to the women who love me? It would seem so. No rest! no peaceful home for me! No children to play around my knee and smooth my path in old age. Oh, fate! if you

have nothing better for me in the future than you have given in the past, let me not live, but die and find the rest that is denied me here, in the earth from whence I came."

Straight on Talbot rode through the live-long day, turning neither to the right nor left, save when impassable barriers hemmed in the way.

He sought the waters of Lethe, that he might drink and forget the bitter past.

Never more did the town of Corinne see the mainly figure of Gold Dan, and pretty Durango Kate waited long and anxiously for the man she had made up her mind to captivate, but he never came.

## THAT GIRL OF MINE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

You ask about that dear divine,  
Delicious, darling Girl of Mine,  
I could not, truly as you live,  
Half of a perfect picture give.  
And you say, "I'll tell you, too,  
I could not even paint her nose,  
For painter's brush and poet's line  
Would fall upon this Girl of Mine."

That Girl of Mine is just eighteen,  
To doubt it I'd not be so mean;  
For five long years she's told me so;  
It's time I should believe it now.  
But then, we're even, each with each,  
For I have made her think me rich,  
And you can guess just how I shine  
In eyes of that dear Girl of Mine.

That Girl of Mine I love not less  
Because she is so fond of dress  
And me she often says she loves  
More than she does six-button gloves.  
She has more faith, she oft avers,  
In me than in her milliners.  
The sweetest thing in ermine,  
Is Geraldine, that Girl of Mine!

She says my step makes her rejoice  
As much as does the errand-boy's  
With bundles from the dry-goods store.  
The purchase of an hour before  
Love is the fashion, and she says  
She'll be in love while it stays.  
Like a whole lumber-yard I pine  
For Geraldine, that Girl of Mine!

Last night I softly asked of her  
What housework did she most prefer?  
For one sweet moment at she was still,  
Then sweetly answered, "The quadrille."  
Yet she's all patience, and can work  
All day as hard as any Turk,  
Preparing for a ball at five.  
That most industrious Girl of Mine.

She's quite religious, and her creed  
Is very wide, indeed;  
In most acceptable array,  
She goes to church, and in the way  
She poses there no fault you see,  
And hardly of the earth is she.  
At least to judge by what she signs  
An angel is that Girl of Mine.

She goes about among the poor—  
Her old acquaintances of yore—  
And unto them she gives advice  
On how to make their dress increase.  
She wants to be example rare,  
And wants all eyes to judge her fair.  
She is a model girl, in fine,  
That dear and costly Girl of Mine.

## Woods and Waters ;

OR,

The Rambles of the Littleton Gun Club.

BY LAUNCE POYNIZ.

XI.

THE LAST OF THE DUCKS.

"It's not enough to be able to shoot straight," said Bruce, as we left the light-house that afternoon, "to become a successful duck-hunter. One must know the habits of the game, also. Ducks feed at night till daylight, and go to their feeding-grounds at sunset. In the day they seek the quietest places they can find, to roost in peace. Just here, their roosting-places are away in the woods, back among some little ponds. Mart has been there, and knows where to look."

The old hunter seemed indeed to feel quite secure of his route, for he stepped off with an assured air. We left the light-house by land, with our guns and game-bags, and were warned to put on wading-boots, unless we wished to get wet.

Tramping in wading-boots is no joke, and our walk was long and wearisome. We crossed a belt of cultivated country, and entered woods of low, scrubby trees, passing along mile after mile, till the ground began to descend and grow moist and swampy.

"I hope we won't go much further," said Charley Green, confidentially. "For I don't see how we'll ever get back, if we have much game to carry."

"Don't you fret," enjoined old Mart, who overheard him. "That's a wagon comin' to meet us at Deadman's Corners, not two miles from here. I seen to that. Now hush, all of ye. We're gittin' nigh the place. Ye see the light yonder? That's a pond, and, if I ain't much mistaken, there's a pile o' duck there. Now, Cap, you take your crowd. Tom Smith, he'll show ye where to stand; and we'll take the other side and keep 'em drivin'. Heel, Prince! Down, ye old sinner! Don't ye know yer biz, better'n that?"

He spoke to that absurd-looking mongrel of his, which was beginning to get excited, and threatened to range ahead. Prince seemed to understand the rebuke, for he slunk back behind his master with his tail down, looking humble and dejected.

"I'll bet on that there dog for a duck-dog again any day," said the old retriever in a merry way, said Old Mart proudly. "He understands his biz, he does; and if he's a little rash, now and then, he only needs to be spoken to to come down and attend to it. Go ahead, Tom!"

As he spoke, we could distinguish before us a decided break in the forest, indicating a clearing; and could hear in the distance occasional bursts of quacking, which told of the vicinity of ducks. Our party was now silently divided into two bodies; one, led by Tom Smith, the keeper, containing Bruce, Sol Hawkins and several good shots, striking off to the right, while old Mart retained the rest of us in a squad at a halt till the others were out of sight.

"The pond ahead covers a matter of eight or nine acres," explained Mart; "and we must give them time to get round it. Take a rest. I'm goin' to smoke."

In effect, we stayed where we were for about ten minutes, when Mart shook the ashes out of his pipe and announced that it was time to be off.

"Follow your leaders; go easy, and keep covered behind trees," was his advice.

Accordingly, we stole slowly forward after the old man for about a hundred yards, in Indian file, fitting from tree to tree. As we advanced, the soft ground changed to black mud, and became interspersed with pools of water; till finally we were walking in water up to the ankles, and beheld before us the goal of our desires, a pond encircled with trees. As Mart had warned us, it was covered with flocks of ducks, some asleep on the water, others swimming about in circles, playing with each other and quacking.

Old Mart here halted and placed Long Coventry behind a tree.

"Can't trust your long shanks stalkin' round," he remarked. "You stay there and shoot when we shoot, or when you git a chance."

He placed Ryder close beside Coventry at another large tree, on the huge moss-covered roots of which a small island had accumulated.

"Now, boys," he said to Green and myself, "take it cool and spread out. Yonder's a big log that'll hide you, Charley. Go for it. Hide yourself, Launce."

In a few minutes we were deployed in the forest at the edge of the swamp, but the ducks were out of easy shot. They seemed to be determined to keep tantalizingly in the middle of the pond.

Presently the forest on the other side of the pond was illuminated by a flash, and we could see a heavy charge of shot pour into the ducks, and splash into the water.

"That's one of Bruce's long rangers," cried old Mart. "Here they come, lads! Give 'em Jesse."

In effect, the sound of the shot produced a tremendous commotion. In a twinkling, all the ducks set up a grand chorus of terrified quacks, and came swimming and flying straight toward us, trying to rise from the water to clear the

tops of the trees, but cramped for want of space.

In this condition they presented excellent marks, as their struggles brought the whole flock within thirty yards of us, flying in a dense mass for the tops of the trees.

Bang! bang! went the guns; and the sound of ducks falling into the water told that the volley had taken effect. Out rushed Prince after the wounded ones, and the whole flight of ducks swerved round, wildly quacking, and sailed away to the opposite side of the lagoon. Then we could see the flashes of our friends' guns, and again the flock swerved off at a right angle.

Bang! bang! went more guns, and we could see more ducks dropping, while the flock, again headed off, made a dash for the fourth side of the pond and made its escape.

"There, I think that's a pretty handsome toll for one flock to pay," observed old Mart, as he wiped out his gun. "That's all we'll git to-day on this pond, and I guess Coventry and Ock has each shot a duck."

It was true, as each had a bird lying nigh him. The total killed by our volley of five double-barrels was eighteen ducks, and Prince had already retrieved them for us, and was crossing the pond retrieving for the other parties.

When we came to compare notes on our tramp home, we found that out of fourteen guns in the whole party we had killed no less than thirty-five ducks, in that single pond.

"And that's nothing to what you kin do if you hide near a feeding pond and take 'em as they come in," averred Tom Smith.

As Mart had promised, we had not to walk home. We passed on through the woods till we reached an old grass-grown country road, and came at last to a broken-down smithy, the very counterpart of Mart's at Littleton, only more ruinous. Here we found an old hay-wagon, with four horses, waiting for us, and we were soon jolting home to the banks of the river.

When we arrived at the light-house, we were rather surprised to see a soldier in undress uniform, sitting on the edge of the dock, smoking a pipe and talking to the keeper's son. As soon as this soldier saw the approaching party, he shook out the ashes of his pipe into the river, pocketed the instrument, and stood stiffly up. The moment before, he looked a rather slouchy individual, in a blue sack with a forage-cap, but now he was a smart soldier on duty.

"Boys," said Captain Bruce, as soon as he saw this figure, "my loading time is over. Yonder is my orderly, and I feel sure he has brought orders for me."

It proved true. The soldier was Bruce's servant, who had been left in his master's quarters at West Point, with orders to bring on any official letters that came.

He presented the captain with a long envelope, having "WAR DEPARTMENT—OFFICIAL

BUSINESS," printed on the cover, while the address was to Bruce himself.

"As I thought," he said, when he had opened it. "Orders to join my company at Fort Napoleon, Upper Missouri, by the shortest practicable route. My leave is over. The Indians are getting troublesome. How can I get to the Western train quickest, Tom?"

"Up train stops at Van Rensselaer 4.45 P.M.," said the light-house keeper. "Ye'd better take the 9 o'clock from Albany, Cap. There's the 4.45 goes up there, and takes you in time for a sleeping-car. Then you won't have to hurry so."

"Where's the baggage, Miles?" asked the captain of his orderly.

"Albany, your honor. Colonel Snagsby told me ye'd be wanting to be off at once, sir."

"Very good, Miles. Now, boys, I'll have to bid you all good-by at once. I'm off to the plains. Charley Green, and you, Launce, you remember you've promised faithfully to pay a visit. When shall it be? Next spring?"

"When do the buffalo come down?" asked Charley, eagerly.

"They'll begin in a few weeks, going south, as the winter opens."

"Then if you don't mind, I'll come soon," half-solicited Charley.

"With all my heart!" answered Bruce. "Go home. Pack up some warm flannels—all you can get. Bring a pair of revolvers—Colt's army, mind—and leave the rest to me. Now, good-by."

And our old friend was off for the up-train, just as the whistle sounded in the distance.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 401.)

## A Fortunate Shot.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"He lives in the shadow of death. If he weds the senorita Julia, there will be another widow in Tucson shortly after that event."

"You speak confidently, Dan. Indeed, did we not know you, pard, we might think that you intend to figure in that bit of widow-making of which you speak."

Dan Shuler, or Strong Dan as he was called wherever familiarly known, winced at his friend's remark, and hastened to say:

"I allow that the senorita once occupied my thoughts, and it might have been said that Dan Shuler had found his affinity, as they say in the States; but I guess the feeling didn't amount to anything serious. No, pard, I shall not be in at that widow-making. Perhaps I don't like Jim Rutherford; but that's neither here nor there. Mebbe he doesn't like Dan Shuler. That's all right, boys. There's an Indian up the river named Katchewan; we call him Otter Tail."

The group exchanged looks.

"Otter Tail will make the senorita a widow!" said one.

"I did not say so," Shuler replied, with a meaning smile, and then, after a pause, he said:

"I guess none of you like Jim Rutherford any too well."

"No," chorused half a dozen voices.

"Then I'll tell you. It was up the river, near the forks, last summer. Rutherford was there. We were sitting around the fire, when Otter Tail came into camp. The red-skin was half drunk, and at once he began to brag. He was not long letting out the secret of Rutherford's loss of his horse a month before. The young fellow flew up in a passion, and springing to his feet he knocked the Indian down, right into the fire. I jerked him out before he was badly burned, and took him out of camp."

"What did the Indian say, Dan?"

"He was as mute as an oyster for some time; but when I got him to talking he merely said: 'To-morrow Katchewan will make the bullet for the white dog's carcass.'"

"That meant business."

"Of course it did. The Indian hasn't forgotten the knock-down, for yesterday he showed me the burn on his shoulder, and assured me that the hour of vengeance was near at hand."

The foregoing conversation took place in a bar-room in Tucson one night in the summer of 1869. The parties were men of acknowledged desperateness; but who claimed to have that sense of "honor" which curses our Western frontier and makes more graves there than the ravages of disease.

Strong Dan had not exaggerated the story of Otter Tail's chastisement by the young New Yorker, who was quietly making money in Tucson in a legitimate way, much to the envy and annoyance of the rough portion of the community. The Indian had deserved the punishment. He was a sub-chief of some note, and had few redeeming qualities. Fire-water was his favorite beverage, and petty thieving his frequent occupation. He had ingratiated himself into the graces of such men as Dan Shuler and his lawless confederates, and they would resent any indignity offered the chief.

This Indian was the "shadow of death" referred to by the rough character of Tucson.

His hatred of Rutherford was deadly, and swift would have been the young man's doom if Strong Dan had not advised him to delay the blow until his enemy had led the Spanish girl to the altar.

Strong Dan had an object in view when he bestowed this unsought advice. Senorita Julia had rejected his proposals of marriage, and plainly intimated that her choice had fallen upon the young gentleman from the States.

Shuler, finding himself baffled, appeared to acquiesce in the fair lady's decision, and went his way; but it was not long afterward that he found Katchewan under the influence of fron-

Presently the trailer, for undoubtedly such the person was, grew into an Indian, for plume and garments became visible, and the American recognized him.

It was Katchewan, or Otter Tail, and Rutherford knew that the chief was upon his trail.

Closer to the broad clapboard-like leaves of the protecting plant the hunted man crept, with his eye fixed steadfastly upon the Indian, whose errand was no longer a matter of conjecture. Scarce thirty feet from the bunch of magnety Otter Tail came to a halt and looked around perplexed.

The man whom he had followed from Tucson had to him mysteriously disappeared; the earth seemed to have opened and swallowed him.

Rutherford watched and enjoyed the chief's perplexity until he saw another figure, panther-like, creeping upon his trailer.

No sound indicated the second approach, and a moment after the discovery, the young man recognized an Indian, called the Creeper, standing with uplifted tomahawk menacingly near Otter Tail.

The tableau was the most thrilling one Rutherford had ever beheld. He read it in an instant, and for a moment resolved to witness the denouement without interference.

Otter Tail, while seeking his life, had been tracked by a red enemy of his own tribe, and a forest feud was about to be settled in a startling manner.

But Rutherford could not stand idly by and see the life of his enemy taken by a sneaking assassin, and the rifle which had covered Katchewan shifted to the figure of his scarlet foe.

A moment later, the forest tableau was rudely broken by the report of the American's rifle, and Otter Tail would-be slayer, dropping the uplifted hatchet, fell with a death-cry at the foot of a tree.

Quick as a flash the chief whirled, to see his foe in the agonies of death, and to discern a puff of white smoke curling above the magnety.

"The Creeper hark Katchewan long time," he said, catching a glimpse of his preserver, and coming forward as if willing to trust the man who had stricken the brave.

Rutherford stepped boldly forth to see Otter Tail start back with a cry of amazement.

But it was only for a moment.

Katchewan, hunt the white man! The Indian suddenly cried, throwing his gun to the ground and advancing again. "He had promised to wait till Spanish girl his wife; but the evil spirit said, 'No wait! to-day! to-day!' and Katchewan was on his trail. He hunt white man no more; he can take pretty girl to his lodge, and Katchewan will guard it with his life. Injun grateful! Injun not always a dog!"

With an exclamation of joy Rutherford seized the red hand which the chief thrust forward, and there was a fraternal grasp.

Then two figures went down the leafy aisle, and



A moment later, the forest tableau was rudely broken by the report of the American's rifle.

and Katchewan's shoulder touched the man whose life he had lately sought. They were brothers.

On the following day the senorita Julia became Rutherford's bride, and Katchewan was no longer a threat.

That night Strong Dan reproached the chief and ventured to call him a coward.

"If Katchewan's love for the white herder is cowardice, he is proud of it!" was the reply. "Let no man touch the young pale-face and his bride!"

## Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

SKATING.

CHRISTMAS DAY passed in 1877 without the residents of the metropolis and its vicinity having had an opportunity for even an hour's sport in the enjoyment of ice-skating. In this respect the present winter is an exceptional one. Early in December it was announced that the Central Park commissioners would this season make no provision for the special accommodation of the skating fraternity at the Park lakes. Their plea in excuse was that they had no funds. The fact was that they had none to spare to provide recreation for the masses, though plenty of money was apparently at command to keep the drives in thorough order for the snobs of the city to exhibit their liveried servants and to ape the airs of the English nobility by flourishing "tandems," "drags," "four-in-hands," and all the variety of expensive turn-outs which our city parents so love to display on the Park drives. This class the Park commissioners could find means to cater for, but not a dollar was at command from the immense fund employed in paying the salaries of city sinecurists, to devote to the purpose of providing a cheap and healthy recreation for the masses.

It was no sooner announced, however, that there was to be no skating-houses erected at Central Park this winter and no clearing of the frozen lakes from snow for skating purposes, than the press came to the rescue of the people at large, and with indignant remonstrance obliged the Tammany regime to provide for the popular winter recreation, and therefore due preparation has been made for skating at the Park, and thousands—ay, tens of thousands—will find their wonted healthful enjoyment on the Park lakes during the winter of 1878, if Jack Frost will only do his duty.

In the mean time those devoted to skating have found at the roller-skating resorts of the metropolis—thus far confined to Brooklyn—admirable facilities for the enjoyment of the most popular and fashionable indoor branch of the art of skating. From October to the present time has the admirably managed Rink on Cler-

mont avenue, in the western district of Brooklyn, been a fashionable and popular resort of the admirers of roller skating, and what with the enjoyable entertainments on *fete* nights, the crowds present on Saturdays—the "popular price" day—and the fun and frolic incident to the occasions when the city academies and Sunday-schools visit the rink in a body, Brooklyn has had a first-class skating sensation, despite the fact that there was no ice-skating up to New Year's day.

On Christmas day a novel scene was presented at the Brooklyn Rink, it being the occasion of a visit from Santa Claus, who appeared *propria persona*, and distributed basket-loads of presents to the children in the assemblage, the noise of whistles, flutes, and horns, when all had received their gifts, being stunning for the time being. They have excellent facilities for roller skating at Apollo Hall, in the Eastern District, and this Williamsburg resort was crowded on Christmas day. The Empire Rink is to be opened for roller skating in January, and then the uptown people of New York will possess facilities for enjoying the sport. The new roller-skating rink in Philadelphia is quite a success.

It is worthy of note, as showing the unusual mildness of the season, that in Toronto, Port Hope, Montreal and other cities of Canada, on Christmas day, instead of enjoying skating and sleighing, actually had regattas and field sports, La Crosse and cricket taking the place of skating.

## Ripples.

"The Turkish braid" is the latest novelty in hair-dressing, but the Russian girls say you can't play it on them.

To some men were measured by the size of their hearts and souls, and catch words make them a suit of clothes, including an ulster overcoat.

Mrs. Shoddy puckered up her mouth gently and told a gentleman that one of her lovely daughters was a "bunet," and the other a "bronze."

CURIOSITY in children is but an appetite for knowledge. One great reason why children abandon themselves wholly to silly pursuits and trifle away their time insidiously is because they find their curiosity balked and their inquiries neglected.

"CHILDREN," said a gentleman visitor in closing his address to an Ohio school the other day, "I trust you will all appreciate education and cherish and love your excellent teacher, as I do." Tableau with red fire furnished by the pretty schoolma'am.

A few days ago a very handsome lady entered a dry-goods house and inquired for a bow. The polite clerk threw himself back and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

In this world of mingled shadows and sunshine, where gladness dwells beside happiness, and there are beautiful smiles as well as agonizing tears, it is good to take a hopeful and philosophical view of affairs. Even the boot which lifts a sewing machine agent off the front steps may contain a stocking which on Christmas morning will overflow with blessings from loving friends.

## The Model Weekly!

The Respectable Popular Paper

Home Weekly of New York.

The New York Saturday Journal

For 1878.

WITHOUT A RIVAL.

as a sterling journal of *Wholesome Literature* for family fireside reading.

It is conceded that for stories of purely American life and adventure it has no peer.

IN STORIES OF HEART LIFE,

where love is portrayed in all its power and purity, it leads all others.

IN ROMANCES OF ADVENTURE

for our young men and boy readers, no other weekly published can compare with it in *first class merit*.

ITS SPECIALTIES:

Washington Whitehorn, Joe Joy, Jr., Beat Time, as humorists; The Parson's Daughter, Rye Lawless and Garry Ganes as essayists of marked originality; Launce Poyntz, C. C. Hawkins, Major Mat Martine, who, in their different "series" of adventure on land and sea, are unapproachable in their special field—all aiding in making the *Journal* the ever welcome, genial guide to thousands of homes.

OF EXCLUSIVE AUTHORSHIP,

those writing only for the SATURDAY JOURNAL—no other weekly can boast of a better corps.

Capt. Mayne Reid, the modern J. Fenimore Cooper of romantic adventure in the Far West and South West, who commands the admiration of a world of readers.

Albert W. Allen, in his city life and wild romance of the mines of the West, has not a superior.

Mrs. Mary Reed Crowell stands at the front as a writer of dramatic fiction of the best class.

Oil Coomes, in his boys' tales of adventure in the Indian country, is incomparable and unchallenged in his field.

Corinne Cushman, in serials of Love and Society, and of Girls' Life, "is a bright, particular star."

Joseph E. Badger, Jr.'s thrilling dramatic stories of prairie and mountain life, adventure and character, stand pre-eminent.

Charles Morris, the Charles Dickens of America, in stories of boys' life in our great cities.

Capt. Frederick Whitaker, whose historical romances stamp him as the Free Lance of light literature.

Col. Belle Sara, the man of many lands and many adventures, who tells his story with a dash, graphic pen.

Col. Prentiss Ingraham, who is equally "at home" on land or on the sea.

Rett Winwood, never falling in deep, abiding interest.

Mary Grace Halpine, the keen reader of human nature and of the heart, who writes of these and many others make each issue of the paper

A BRILLIANT LITERARY WORLD.

The list of sketch and short story contributors is especially strong, embracing, beside the names above mentioned, such authors as Ellen F. Bedford, Lucille Hollis, Mattie Dyer Britta, Henri Montclair, T. C. Harbaugh, Hap Hazard, Edward L. Wheeler, Capt. Charles Howard, A. B. Brown, Mac O. Rife, Mrs. Addie D. Rolleston, Roger Starbuck, etc.

IN DEPARTMENTS

the SATURDAY JOURNAL vies with all other weeklies in novelty, interest and usefulness. Answers to Correspondents—Topics of the Times—Work and Play—Sports and Pastimes—Ripples—Editor's Paragraphs—all are distinguished by a freshness, originality and suggestiveness that render them entertaining and valuable features.

The Saturday Journal is Published Weekly at the following rates:

For four months..... \$1.00  
For one year..... 3.00  
Two copies for one year..... 5.00  
Single copies..... 6 cts.  
Supplied by all newsdealers.  
BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,  
98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.